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FATHER ASSEMANNI.

THE Maronites of Syria, since their reunion to the chair of St. Peter, had sometimes assisted in the general assemblies of the church, and their patriarch was present, in 1516, in the fifth council of Lateran; but they had never held a national council, till the period when the learning and celebrity of one of their countrymen gave eclat and influence to their assembly, "which was all that could be desired in the heart of an infidel land."

A contrariety of opinion and discipline pervaded the religious bodies of the East; errors of faith, like a contagion, had passed through every monastery, but had respected the Maronite church; "their inviolable attachment to the centre of unity, preserved them from these misfortunes; but even their discipline was relaxed, and abuses began to show themselves, which it was important to arrest in time." Clement resolved to hold a grand council, whose proceedings should draw the

attention and observance of the whole East. Rome possessed at this time the celebrated ASSEMANNI, Maronite by birth, educated in their seminary at Rome, a canon of the church of St. Peter, guardian of the library of the Vatican, and one of the most learned men of the age. He had left in youth the retreats of Lebanon, fired with an ambition, not to be a missionary to the heathen, but to explore the treasures of learning at their fountain-head. The young Syrian was of obscure birth, of poor and industrious parents; and it was said that, as a shepherd, he had watched the flocks on the pastures of the mountains, whose scenes were eminently calculated to nourish obscure and solitary genius. Less rich and pastoral than Carmel, less hallowed by a silent and mournful beauty, such as the saint and the prophet love, the valleys and heights of Lebanon are a chosen field for a visionary and ambitious mind, dreaming of fame and the laurel-crown. The few books

which Assemani could borrow from the neighboring monastery, he read while tending his sheep. Did not the spirit of the son of Jesse, in the lonely pastures of Palestine, yearn thus after a more glorious career? while he played on his shepherd pipe, did not the revelations of genius rush on his thoughts? the deep intimacy of nature in all her aspects, the various and glowing imagery of the "songs of Israel,"—were they not acquired at this period of life? In the solitudes of Lebanon, the young Syrian prepared for the future triumphs of the Vatican. When he arrived there, and beheld the libraries and manuscripts, the treasures of art and of time, he believed himself transported into a new world; his wildest visions had never imaged forth such glories, which he was not wholly unable to appreciate, having received some education in the convent of Antoura.

The Maronite college being a favorite object of Clement, the Syrian was soon noticed by him, and acquired his countenance and patronage by his simplicity and opening talents.

Assemani buried himself in the learned retreats of the Vatican, scarcely allowing time for the performance of sacerdotal duties, or attendance at the ceremonies of St. Peter's. His life was blameless, and his very soul banqueted day and night, with an insatiable appetite, upon the hundreds and thousands of volumes amidst which he walked, sat, and slept. Not the cedars of Lebanon, nor her orange and cypress groves, were half as glorious in his eyes as those forests of books, which seemed to overshadow him at noon-day, and to afford him shelter from the blasts and storms of life. So rapid and extensive were his acquisitions, that he was promoted to be guardian and librarian of these vast collections of literature. His fame went forth from the ancient walls into

many lands, whose institutions were proud to enrol his name among them. And now the sovereign pontiff named him to be his legate in Syria, and sent him there with powers and authority to heal all dissensions, to suppress error, and to punish the recusants.

The legate experienced great difficulties in executing the orders of his master. Many conferences and consultations were held, and arguments were patiently listened to and weighed, day after day; some prelates, he perceived, it was necessary to conciliate; others to rebuke; until, at last, he found means, by his wisdom and activity, to open the council on the third of September, 1735, with great order and splendor.

The church of the monastery of Louisa was prepared with the greatest possible magnificence, and in the choir, which was very large, were placed two elevated thrones; one on the side of the Evangelist, for the patriarch; the other on the side of the Epistle, for the apostolic legate. Without the choir, and near the balustrade, were, on the right and left, two rows of chairs for the bishops; and next to them, and in the same rank, but on lower chairs, sat the missionaries, invited to assist at the council in quality of theologians of the pope. Opposite the missionaries were the Maronites, having their superior at their head; and behind all the rows of chairs were the principal Maronite lords, and the leading persons of the country. To cut short all controversies about precedence, Assemani declared that he would not prejudice, in any way, the rights which individuals might claim, but that the missionaries should range themselves according to the antiquity of their residence in the country. Conformably to this regulation, the fathers of the Holy Land took their places next to the bishops; and on the same side, and immediately after

them were the Jesuits, with the Capuchins; the Carmelites had the last place. Half an hour after sunrise, they passed in grand procession to the church; it was to Assemani one of those moments that life offers rarely to men. The shepherd was raised to sit among princes, and, as he marched at the head of the dignitaries slowly to the church, the train of his splendid robe was borne by the priests, and on his head was a magnificent mitre, a present from the pontiff. Clearly and beautifully in view were the declivities of Lebanon, the scene of his first aspirations; above the groves, above the pastures and rocks, their pure summits of snow shot into the sky. In the middle of the church was placed a solitary chair in which sat Baptist Fromage, the most learned and eloquent missionary of Syria, who rose, and began the proceedings by an able and energetic speech, in which he took a view of the various dissensions and errors of the time. No less than seven great stumbling-blocks of offence were discussed in the council. Dispensations to marry, excommunications, and even spiritual censures, were sold at a fixed price. The holy sacrament was not administered in the parish churches, but only in the chapels of the monasteries. The churches were often destitute of necessary ornaments for the decency of worship, and the poor were unaided by the contributions. The patriarch arrogated the exclusive right to bless the holy oil; and when it was distributed to the suffragan bishops and their curates, it was necessary, in order to obtain it, to pay a tax from which no person was excepted. The Maronites of Aleppo, who were very numerous in Syria, had repeated, twelve years previous, the divine service in the Arabic tongue, contrary to the ancient usage of singing and reciting all the prayers in the Syriac. Finally, there existed an abuse, al-

ready of long standing, "and which can scarcely be conceived among a people of such excellent manners."

The chair of Assemani was not a bed of roses, when he laid the axe to the root of these abuses. Desiring also to improve the minds of the people, he established schools in the larger villages, whose teachers should be paid by the bishops and the principal inhabitants, and in which all the youth should be taught gratuitously. This famous synod exercised a beneficial influence over all the East; its decrees were respected, its judgments admitted; and the fame of the legate was held in esteem and honor far and wide, for, armed as he was with discretionary powers, he evinced a forbearance and good sense very serviceable to the see of Rome.

The most important task accomplished, he resolved on a visitation to the principal retreats of Palestine and Egypt, but previously he passed some days with his aged parents, whose pride and exultation were very great; while his ancient friends and relatives crowded about him, perfectly conscious that he now held the keys of preferment. He bore his honors meekly: the darling ambition of his heart was accomplished; were the habits and tastes of the student more powerful than the love of his native scenes? when wandering amid the wilds of Lebanon, where his simpler days were passed, did no images rise before him, save of the solemn halls of the Vatican, and its precious volumes and manuscripts. The cultivation of his mind had awoke a love of the days and scenes of antiquity. Before his departure to Rome, he had never visited one of those places, the names of which are indelible in scripture, although they lie adjacent almost to his own mountain; but now he sought the holy land with eager devotion and curiosity, and there traced the course of the Jordan, with the wanderings of the patriarch and

prophet. There was one spot that interested him deeply, about a day's journey from the foot of Lebanon, and two hours from Sidon; it was the site of the ancient Sarepta, where Elijah was fed from the widow's cruse of oil when the famine was sore in the land. The ruins of some dwellings, very ancient, are scattered around, and the scene is in a little valley opening to the sea. The brook that fed the prophet is now dry; like that of the valley of Elah, whence David took the pebbles for his sling, there is no moisture in its deep and sandy bed. When the writer passed by this spot, it was noon, and the heat was very great: the sea fell heavily on the waste and desolate beach; there was not the shadow of a passing cloud on the hills. A hamlet, consisting of a few poor cottages, stood amidst the ruins of the ancient homes, and in one of them coffee was sold, and an Arab came forth to invite us to drink. On the summits and sides of the hills were masses of grey rock, scattered among the wild pastures, where the shepherd is seen watching his flock, and the Syrian pipe is heard from afar. This little vale of Sarepta is an impressive solitude: the bold promontory of Tyre is seen on the left, and far on the right are the snowy summits of Lebanon, towering to the sky; and beneath them the rich and ancient groves of cedar, and cypress, and sycamore. It was a scene to which the Messenger of his God might have loved to retire: how interesting and beautiful were the wanderings of the great and hallowed characters of scripture, in the desert and the plain, on vale and mountain; where their only companion was the love and presence of their God! The retreat of Elijah, in the gloomy vale at the back of Carmel, is far more desolate than this of Sarepta, between verdant hills, with the beautiful sea in front; yet to the prophet it was indelibly dear.

The poor Arab who sold this coffee could depend only on the custom of the chance passenger; it was seldom that the enthusiast passed his door, and still more seldom that the memorials of ancient and holier times found a responsive chord in the bosom of the native. Who is there, in the land, that cares for the grey rocks and ruinous places of Sarepta? who is there that weeps beside the hushed stream or the silent homes, or hangs his harp on the willow? "There is none to comfort the daughter of my people, or to listen to the voice of her mourning." When lodging in the lonely convents, did the heart of Assemani feel no keen remembrance—no void? Once a shepherd, home and its flock had been his only prospect for life! but *there* the friends of his bosom, their song at eve, should receive him:—and now! no home, no love, no sweet companionship.

Embarking next at one of the Syrian ports, he arrived in Alexandria, and sailed up the Nile.

The description of his visits to the monasteries of Cairo and Upper-Egypt is graphic. He penetrated across the sandy wilderness to Arabia Petrea, to visit the awful retreats of St. Anthony—"which present only the dreadful aspects of nature, filling the beholder with a sacred horror." After many days' travelling, they came to the mount Colzim, Keleil, and Askar, the sides of which are pierced with caverns, into whose depths the rays of the sun cannot enter. At the foot of these high mountains there is a vast and barren plain, and in this plain is situated the monastery of St. Anthony, in front of the Red Sea, and enclosed between mount Colzim and the mountains of Arabia Petrea. "Looking with attention on these caves, I imagined I saw coming out of them the Anthonys, the Pauls, the Hilarions, the Ammons, and all those famous fathers of the desert, who here con-

demned themselves to a penitent and painful life, that they might make a conquest of the kingdom of God. We sought the gate, but our guides could not tell where to find it, for the continual fear of the Arabs obliged them to do without a door; but, at last, we saw some monks appear at the top of a ruined wall." The superior received Assemani with the highest civilities; and they sat down at table, with their legs crossed in the Eastern fashion. In the middle of a large interior court are two churches, dim, ancient, and heavily built; with the walls and paintings discolored by the clouds of incense. Thirty cells are ranged along the court; and the refectory, the kitchen, the wells, (so deep, that a horse, going round continually, draws up the water,) the cells and offices, with the servants' houses, look like a little town in the middle of a great desert. Silence is strictly observed day and night. There is a large garden, where the monks cultivate all kinds of herbs, and there are date and olive trees, peaches and apricots: "they invited us to gather the fruits with our own hands; we did so, and found them excellent, but the sight of the savage rocks and wildernesses on every side was frightful." Here are a few vines which yield a sort of claret wine. In the middle of the garden there is a little chapel, dedicated to St. Mark, one of the disciples of St. Anthony, where the monks make their more peculiar prayers.

There was some relief even in the monastery of St. Anthony, whose windows and roof looked over the wastes of sand, and the three fearful mountains, Colzim, Keleil, and Askar. The Red Sea rolls in front, stretching away to the right and left far as the eye could reach; and behind, at twenty leagues distance, every precipice and summit distinctly visible, were the mountains Horeb and Sinai. Assemani and his com-

pnnions went down to the famous shore, and gazed a long time in silence. "We thought, at first sight, we were but a little way off, but we found we had several mortal leagues to go, to arrive at the water's edge. We remembered the wonders which the Almighty had formerly worked in favor of his people. We offered up, in this very spot, after the example of the Israelites, our thanks for all the mercies we had continually received from the Divine Providence. The hills of Arabia Petrea here bound the Red Sea; and this shore, known by the name of Hirondel, is the scene where the Israelites traversed the Red Sea on foot, and Pharaoh and his army were engulfed in the waves."

In this neighborhood the writer passed an afternoon, in the little valley of Hirondel, whose stunted palm-trees afford a miserable shelter from the heat; the cliffs were white, and cast back the rays of the sun with a fiercer power and glare; the soil was a dry and light dust, without grass, shrubs, or verdure of any kind: there was not a breath of wind, and the sea slept almost without a murmur. The whole scene was distressing and sad in the highest degree: the noble precipices and valleys of Sinai no longer afforded a shadow and a refuge. When we saw the sun sinking behind the distant rocks, we felt as if a burden was passing away. The cry of a solitary bird was heard at intervals, and the dull hissing of the locusts, as they passed from tree to tree, or fell upon us plentifully from the branches. In the monastery it was not thus: there was verdure in the garden, and the most wretched recluse could go forth, and sit beneath the rock or tree on the bank, and smell the perfume of flowers, and listen to the passing of the wind in the cypress and sycamore. But he could not listen to the human voice in hope or gladness—to the sweet sounds of

psalmody and praise: silence was observed in St. Anthony, and the morning and the night were not ushered in by that most touching of melodies—the solemn chant of a solitary band in the desert. How beautiful was it, when we lodged in the convent of St. Sabas, where the singing of the fathers rose on the night; situated in the wilderness of Ziph, on the brink of precipices, without grove or stream, there was a wild magnificence in the gloomy walls. There was comfort also within: pleasant little cells, with a crucifix and a skull in each; good wine, and cheerful conversation; for the recluses, though they had forsaken the world for their awful solitude, did not lose their temper, or bury soul and body alive. Far in the distance were distinctly visible the solitudes of Maon and the declivities of Carmel, where the shepherd led forth his flock. But no pasture grew, no shepherd's pipe sounded near the walls of the monastery where St. Sabas died; one object alone, in the middle of a lofty stone terrace, drew the devotion and care of the inmates: it was his tomb, gilded, richly adorned, and screened by a moveable covering from the heat and the blast. Every Saturday they worshipped in a chapel hewn out of the rock, in which the few tapers dimly shewed the roof, sides, and recesses; while the rich altar glared with light. The entrance looked forth into the desert—on whose stillness the voices of thirty monks broke forth at once, and we thought we had never heard any thing so impressive and affecting. It was the festival of Easter, and the hour of the communion in the gloomy chapel: they sang, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?”

His beloved monastery of Laura! for her gates he sighed when afar; and with his dying breath, at the close of nearly a century of years, St. Sabas implored that his bones might

be carried there, that he might rest within her walls. When the service was over, we walked on the battlements of the romantic Laura, and just beneath were the caves where the twelve hundred martyrs fled and were slain. They overhung the dry bed of the Kedron, and each precipice and each lonely olive-tree was intensely distinct, while even the yellow sands looked cheerful in the excessive lustre of the moon. Amidst these ravines and vales, David fled from the pursuit of Saul; and often did they echo to the wild harp, when the sweet psalmist of Israel sang the mercies of his God.

At five o'clock in the evening Assemanni and his companion set out to the monastery of St. Paul. The hills and rocks all along the way were full of caves and holes, where the famous solitaries of the Thebais dwelt of old, to admire whose wisdom and sanctity people came from all parts. On the walls of their desert caves and dungeons are often carved rude crosses, and representations of their favorite saints; where their blood streamed on the stone, and their only pillow was a piece of rock, and they wept till the very fountain of tears was dry.

The monastery of St. Paul is only a league distant from that of St. Anthony, yet it is necessary to journey fifteen leagues in order to arrive there. The former stands at the top of mount Colzim, the latter at the base, being separated by a single precipice of so vast a height as to be quite inaccessible. The walls of the former are seen at a prodigious distance in the desert. Mournful as is the situation of St. Anthony, that of St. Paul is enough to make the blood run cold. It is surrounded by profound ravines and naked declivities, whose surface is black, and whose height shuts out the view of the Red Sea, and of Horeb and Sinai. The church of the convent is neither large nor hand-

some; but it encloses the grotto where the celebrated patriarch of these recluses died to the world and to himself. St. Anthony marched two entire days to visit his brother saint in this grotto, where they spent a whole day and night in singing the praises of God, and talking of his mercies. Here the legate began to assail the errors of the Copts, and to try to convert them to the true church; in which he was perhaps inspired by the thoughts of the interview between the two saints. "We seized this moment, to ask them questions that might give them a just inquietude as to their state: we entreated them to return to the precious sentiments in which their great founders had lived and died, and to be desirous of the honor of being once more united to the church of Christ. Was not the church his mystical body, of which his vicar on earth was the head, and the faithful were his members?"

The conference terminated unsuccessfully; and thus Assemani reflects upon it:—"They maintained that the church was the Virgin; the Evangelists, the heavenly Jerusalem, the sacraments, the bishops and doctors of their people. These solitaries have too good a conceit of themselves, founded upon their austere life; they macerate their bodies by continual fasts and hard toil, which they do not enliven even by psalmody; they eat only herbs badly dressed; they drink no wine; and observe a rigorous silence and a continual retreat. Deploable state of the schismatic, who nourishes his pride by these false and outward virtues! the simplicity, humility, and docility of the gospel is only found in the true Catholic."

On a night in June, Assemani departed from the retreat of St. Paul, and, as he and his companion slowly wound their way, the moon rested in her loveliness on the frightful descents and abysses on which the le-

gate seemed to turn his back gladly. No bell pealed from the dread walls, nor did the voice of blessing follow their steps, but the heavy mass of building rose against the midnight sky, and all night it was visible; but not a light gleamed in the windows, nor was any figure seen to pass to and fro on the battlement, in the free mountain air: every Copt had gone to his clammy cell, to wake and weep. They arrived at St. Anthony before sunset on the following day, where the superior Synnodius, a man of more wit than learning, as his guest observes, received them kindly, and promised to conduct them to the famous grotto of St. Anthony.

At day-break next morning, carrying with them vessels for the altar, as well as wine for the mass, they set forth, and, after several circuits and troubles, they arrived at the place "where this glorious father of the anchorites offered to God the continual sacrifice of his life. The entrance is about ten or twelve feet high, and three feet wide; the interior is gloomy and narrow, and about twelve feet deep, and a person within can hardly stretch himself conveniently to sleep. On one side of this natural grotto is a kind of ledge, on which any one being mounted, might rest his arms on a fragment of stone. The aspect was towards the east, and this was the oratory, where the saint passed the day and a great part of the night in prayer. But here a sad disappointment occurred: Assemani had arranged the vessels for the mass, and had yielded up his thoughts to all the strong illusions of the place, when, casting an unfortunate glance at the wine he held, the colour and the smell arrested him all at once: "I said to Synnodius, 'What wine is this you give me?' 'This wine,' replied Synnodius, 'is sweeter than all other wine, and we use no other for the altar!' I then said, 'It must not be the material for

the sacrament; the wine of Abreké, he called it; but in effect, this pretended wine is only an extract which the Copts make of dry raisins brought from Greece. Thus was I deprived of the consolation of the mass, in the grotto of the great St. Anthony: a loss never to be repaired. We prayed together for some time, and then descended the mountain, like Abraham, without having consummated the sacrifice which we hoped to offer to the Lord. We were scarcely entered within the walls, when I sought Synnodius, with the New Testament in my hand, and made him read the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew, where the evangelist describes the circumstances under which the eucharist was instituted; and from which it was clear that the wine must come forth from the grape. The council of Florence and the universal church had declared, that our usual bread and wine, of which the substance was thus miraculously changed, was the indispensable material for the sacrament, and hence I concluded that their pretended wine, being rather water than wine, could not be proper, I took this occasion to explain to him, on other subjects, the Catholic doctrine, so contrary to the opinions of schism; but schism has this unhappy character about it, that it blinds the understanding, hardens the heart, and prevents both from yielding to the most convincing evidence. Thus I hardly know what to hope for, from my discourse with Synnodius; and yet, if I may judge from the marks of affection and confidence he gave me, I should have the best opinion of him."

On the morrow they departed, and journeyed once more to the Nile; and when he came on the shore, Assemanni, after the horrors he had witnessed, felt like Bruce on his return from Sennaar to the glorious river, when dying with thirst. The multitude of vessels with oars or sails

passing up and down, the numerous villages and hamlets, the forests of acacias, sycamores, and palms, through whose branches the waters were seen gliding swiftly by, together with the mournful yet musical chant of the Arabs, like the hymn for the dead "who die in the Lord"—delighted both his heart and his senses.

"Yet I confess that the great objects presented to me in the desert had taken such hold on my soul, that I could not help envying the lot of these angels upon earth, these pillars of religion. I clung with fondness to every corner of the caves where these heroic solitaries dwelt, finding in many spots crosses, images, oratories, which inspired me with lofty sentiments of God, and contempt for the world, seeing that these men had tasted the delights of heaven beforehand.

"I had walked through these grottoes at a slow pace, buried in thought, and fancying at times I saw before me, absorbed in God, the withered, and pale faces, furrowed with sorrow for sin, of these excellent of the earth—bathing the crucifix with their tears. In descending the Nile, we passed many days in the towns and villages, catechising, exhorting, and preaching in private and in public, and earnestly seeking more fruit than we found." Assemanni returned from his wanderings in safety to Rome, and resumed his high office, tenfold more welcome after all his fatigues and trials. The eloquent Baptist Fromage, who had addressed the assembly of prelates in the convent of Lousia, died before him. This excellent missionary, who resided in Aleppo, had gained a great ascendancy over the people by his eminent talents, and by the gaiety, kindness, and affability of his temper. He enriched the libraries of the East with thirty-two volumes of esteemed French works, which he

translated into Arabic; he established public examinations in the three churches of Aleppo, educated a number of Maronite ministers, and formed two congregations of his own, over whose welfare he watched earnestly. This Jesuit had a peculiar talent in cultivating the minds of his converts, which he strove to furnish with knowledge and a love of literature.

Assemani continued to live amidst the loved labors of the Vatican, which were unbroken by care or misfortune. Even the ties of blood grew more feeble: the thought of his parents in their Syrian home, beside the lonely hearth, weeping

perhaps for their son, whose face they should see no more—might sometimes mingle with the dreams of science and fame. But when they slept, he had no more to do with earthly love or sorrow: residing wholly within the precincts of his libraries, he desired no richer excitement, no change of scene. His old age was one of honor and esteem; and when his end drew nigh, he desired not, like Barzillai, “to be buried by the grave of his father and his mother”—but was laid in the cemetery in Rome, sorrowing as much to part from the treasures of the Vatican, as from his decaying life.

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" FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## TRUE GREATNESS.

What is true greatness? what the stamp of that enduring power?  
Whose nature still survives unchang'd, man's brief allotted hour,  
Who to the bright, the beautiful, their brightness beauty gives  
At whose decree and high behest the soul immortal lives;  
Where shall the ethereal spirit soar, where seek its proper sphere,  
On earth—in heaven—with kindred hearts in sweet communion here?  
Tell us, ye sages, statesmen all—bright records of the past—  
Where did the ever longing soul its great desires find?  
Profound in science, skill'd in plans earth's first born to the last;  
What found ye fit on earth to bear, firm impress of the mind?

Is greatness found where marshall'd crowds in hostile purpose stand  
And thousands die, that one may live to scourge their native land?  
The laurel wreath, war's victims yield to deck the conqueror's brow,  
May nurture soul corroding cares the humble never know,  
And the slaughter'd throngs—a victor's might his proud exploits proclaim,  
Will rise again at memory's call to execrate his name;  
They cannot be the truly great who view with tearless eye  
A nation's glory dimm'd with grief, their triumphs fill the grave,  
For mercy is an attribute of him who reigns on high,  
And mercy's chiefest pleasure is, to rescue and to save.

Is it where genius lights the soul with that brief, yet brilliant flame  
 Which ever 'mid life's storms we hail, the beacon light to fame ;  
 But a few short years will have run their course, and like by-words passed away  
 When its fitful gleams will be thought upon, as the lightning flash of yesterday,  
 And those monuments which art and power had left in sacred trust,  
 Will obey the summons of ruthless time and mingle with the dust ;  
 A name alone will at last reveal to some weary hookworm's eye,  
 That another world lies buried in his few quick mouldering leaves,  
 But the busy mind which plann'd it, he will ask for with a sigh,  
 As by some chance ope'd grave, we pause, and ask " whose bones were these?"

Perhaps where fortune's sea may cast, from its ever fickle breast,  
 A wave whose towering height appears more lofty than the rest.  
 Go where the dizzy mountain top seems peering from the skies  
 And say how far each mighty wave may o'er its neighbor rise.  
 E'en thus will the troubled face of life but one common level seem  
 When from the realms of peace above its treacherous gifts are seen ;  
 As morn's last brightest star recedes from the stronger light of day,  
 And no single ray remains where shone the brilliant train of even,  
 So will distinction, power, yea all earth's glories fade away,  
 When the archangel's trump shall usher in the dazzling light of heaven.

What is the food ambition craves but an evanescent breath,  
 Which wakes no heart responsive thrill from the silent land of death ;  
 Applause from men, whose shallow brains true knowledge cannot prize  
 Tumultuous shouts and fulsome praise, true greatness should despise ;  
 Precursors of forgetfulness, such loud professions come,  
 The death song of ambitious hopes, but prematurely sung—  
 Where then shall greatness be inscribed, can aught its stamp retain?  
 More certain is the unstable sand than memory's boasted page,  
 'Tis written that this solid globe shall e'en be rent in twain,  
 And one general ruin mock the hopes and labors of an age.

They are the truly great alone, who dare be truly good,  
 Who have the world's opinion brav'd, its fierce assaults withstood,  
 Who ne'er from duty's path have swerv'd, though tempting joys allured,  
 Contempt from slaves to sin and shame courageously endured ;  
 Eternal life and endless joys such virtuous deeds repay,  
 The gifts a short-lived world bestows, partake its sure decay ;  
 Kise then my soul nor longer brook companionship with earth,  
 Where grovelling baseness ne'er could soar, thy destiny is written,  
 Those deeds which light oblivion's gloom and give true greatness birth,  
 Are by the thoughtless crowd despis'd, but recogniz'd in heaven.

LYNCH.



FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.

I departed from Bangor, and took the stage route for Augusta, a distance of sixty miles; and was delighted with the picturesque scenery of the interior of Maine. Several small villages appeared on either side, as we passed through the primitive forest of this young State. The village of China and its vicinity attracted my attention, on account of a beautiful lake, which stands near by, and reflects every object that surrounds its silent borders. The streets of China are filled with tall pine trees, similar in appearance and shape to the Pagodas erected in the public walks of the Celestial Empire in Old China. Perhaps this village received its name from these natural pagodas called pine trees. But the lakes of Maine are enchanting in the extreme: they are polished mirrors in the wilderness parlor of this mighty State: they are brilliant gems which sparkle over the valleys of this palace land. Lake Sebago, in the northern part of Maine, is one of singular beauty and romantic character. On one side of this lake there is a ledge of rocks one hundred feet high, covered with paintings of Indian warriors and figures of novel conception; and these painted images appear enduring upon the rugged surface of the rocks, and defy the destructive elements and "corroding tooth of time." Many of these painted figures are sixty and seventy feet above the surface of the lake—and the most extensive view of them is to be found on a small island in the centre of Lake Sebago, and from this lonely Isle the traveller can behold and contemplate a natural gallery of paintings, with all its original outlines, proportions, colorings, and drawings, upon the adamant walls of an aboriginal castle! There is a narrow channel which conducts the adventurer under these stupendous rocks, into a subterranean inlet, (or bay on a small scale,) and a chasm or opening in the rocks to the surface above, through which the rays of the sun dart upon the adventurous pioneer beneath, as he paddles his canoe around this fountain of Lake Sebago, and refreshes himself with draughts of the purest water gushing out of every side of this curious well of nature. The lakes of Maine are generally surrounded with birch and pine trees, presenting a charming contrast of snowy white and emerald green alongside of silvery sheets of water. Small boats made of birch bark and placed on iron slides or skates, are sometimes employed in the winter season to conduct one neighbor to see another across the frozen lake, by means of using a strong-lined umbrella to catch the floating breeze in order to propel the aerial ice-boats and passengers to their destination. But, I was amused to learn from the inhabitants of Maine, how they disposed of some Indian appellations and substituted their own:—For instance, they changed the *classic* name of "AHPINOOJEENEGAMOOK LAKE" into "TWELVE MILE POND!"—Transposed the *altiloquent* WALLAHGASQUEAHGAMOOK LAKE into "LONG LAKE!"—And finally transformed the *romantic* "MATAWAMKEAG RIVER" into "SHORT RIVER!" While

upon this subject, I must not forget to mention that not only have the good people of Maine encroached upon the aboriginal standard of nomenclature, but they and their neighboring fellow-citizens of other New-England States, have also encroached upon the English standard of pronunciation.

For upwards of twenty miles before I reached Augusta, I was solitary and alone in the United States Mail Stage, travelling over a level country at night; and in darkness I mused upon the position of a stage-driver, and concluded he was a man of superior prerogatives. But thought I, the stage-driver is mounted upon his throne, and his whip is a sceptre which he sways like an Emperor over his dominions: he is armed for the protection of the nation's honor and the subject's wealth: he looks forward with an eye of discrimination for the purpose of guiding his noble steeds in safety over some tottering bridge: he glances at every object with an argus eye for the purpose of defending a leather bundle filled with human thoughts, impressed on thin paper, sealed from mortal eye! Stage-drivers are guardian-angels of our rambling mind, over rivers of danger, and channels of destruction, over hills of snow, and dales of ice: they are the mercurys of intelligence, conveying news of joy to the afflicted, and sad tidings of woe to the mirthful heart!

On my arrival in Augusta, I found every attention paid to travellers in the hotel where the stage-office is kept. The landlady and her daughters waited on the table, and seemed anxious to make every thing on the table pleasant and agreeable to our taste and appetite. Augusta is the most picturesque and interesting town in Maine. It is delightfully situated on a rising plain or ridge of mountainous land, immediately on the verge of the Western bank of Kennebec river. Augusta is the seat of

government for Maine, and the State Capitol is a magnificent building, composed of granite, and finished throughout in superb style. It has a large dome which crowns the centre of the edifice, and a spacious arcade adorning its main entrance; and is not unlike the United States Capitol at Washington. About half a mile above Augusta, there is a dam of seven hundred feet, which extends across the Kennebec River, and is constructed of hemlock logs from one to three feet in diameter, locked together and well secured with iron bolts, and the interstices filled with fragments of rocks. The windings of the river above and below this dam, the verdant scenery, overhanging branches along the distant stream, the roaring echoes from the dam seem to refresh the traveller and inspire his soul with feelings of profound admiration.

Several miles above Augusta, is situated the town of Norridgewock.—Here a tribe of Indians lived for a long period before the American Revolution, and here a few years ago a mob destroyed an obelisk monument surrounded with an iron cross, and erected by the Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, as a testimonial of gratitude for the services rendered in behalf of that tribe of Indians by the good FATHER RASLES. However, the Protestant citizens of Norridgewock, being ashamed of the ruins, and determined not to be classed among the "Convent rabble of Boston," exerted themselves in a body and re-erected a more beautiful and costly monument to the memory of this martyred missionary of Norridgewock. In a work entitled "Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society," I find the following astounding passage relative to this holy Priest and Christian Martyr of the wilderness.

"There was a numerous tribe of Indians on the Kennebec, called the Norridgewocks. This tribe was



found under the guidance of Kennebis, their Chief, after whom, the English called the river where they found him. Those Indians were at war with the white people, but were less openly hostile after the year 1724, when *Moulton* and *Harmon* subdued their fortification, and killed many of them, among whom one Ralle, a French Priest, who had for a number of years resided with them, was slain to the great joy and exultation of the people of Massachusetts!

Such is the language of this work, and such was the conduct of the enemies of Catholicity—all sanctioned and authorized to be made and enforced by the Commissioners of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. While this good FATHER RASLES was marching to meet the enemies of his Indian flock for the purpose of extending the hand of peace, and acting as a deputy of reconciliation between the belligerent parties, he was slain, most inhumanly slain, by the enemies of religious toleration. FATHER RASLES, was conveyed back to Norridgewock lifeless, and was carried on the shoulders of his Indian flock for several miles—his dead body was bathed with the tears of all his aboriginal mourners before it was consigned to the grave—whilst the people of Massachusetts were ingloriously exulting with joy! It is well known that Maine was but a District or portion of Massachusetts until the year 1820, and previous to that time was subject to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. *Moulton* and *Harmon* marched with a band of Puritans, not for the purpose of subduing the defenceless and persecuted Indians, but for the express purpose of destroying the life of an innocent and venerable Priest, *who had perilled his life* in crossing the rag-

ing seas, and who had already jeopardized his existence among savage tribes, in order to plant the seed of Christianity among heathen nations in the wilderness of foreign lands. But, gentle reader, the same writer of this history continues, and is forced to admit the glorious triumphs of the Catholic priesthood, as found in the following extract:—

“In the year 1604, when the French people first came among the Penobscot and Norridgewock tribes, bigamy was found to be in practice among the natives, and more especially among their Chiefs; but it was soon after disused, from the precepts and prohibitions of the Roman Catholic Priests. Now the marriage covenant appears to be the most sacred with them, and divorce is not in practice. They say the religion of the Congregationalists is too simple for them, and they treat the Roman Catholic Priests with great respect, and have their children baptized.”

I departed from Augusta in the stage and tarried a short time in Hallowell and Gardiner. Near the latter town is a splendid gothic residence, owned by an English gentleman of immense wealth, named ROBERT HALLOWELL GARDINER. This gentleman laid out the towns of Hallowell and Gardiner, both of which are situated on the banks of Kennebec river, and are only five or six miles below Augusta. Mr. Gardiner presented the Catholics of Gardiner with a square containing several lots for the purpose of erecting a church for the good of religion, and the welfare of Catholicity in his immediate neighborhood. Mr. Gardiner is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. I shall proceed on my journey to Wiscasset, distance sixteen miles.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## A CATHOLIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF MOORISH MANNERS, ETC.

## CHAPTER II.

THESE facts *cannot be disputed*, they are now matters of history. The conversion and baptism in the Catholic faith, of the first christian king and queen of the Sandwich Islands, their urgent invitation, the ardent wish expressed in the hour of death, to have French Priests to go to their country to teach their people the religion and customs of the christians, the solemn pledge made by them and Gov. Boki, to receive, cherish, and protect the French Missionaries, the pre-arrival of the American Missionaries, their avowed abhorrence of the Romish faith, their exertions to brand it as blasphemous idolatry—placing it before the eyes of the ignorant islanders, as identical with their cannibalism and human sacrifices to the native idols—the absolute influence obtained at once by the rich and liberal Protestant mission, even to remodelling the laws and constitution—the teaching by tracts, in the mission school books, and in their pulpits, that the religion of the Pope was horrible, and infamous, and full of danger—the establishment of the Protestant faith, to the utter exclusion of the Catholic, under the severest penalties in the code of laws framed, as they avow and boast themselves, by the members of the American mission—and finally, the persecution and banishment of the Catholic Missionaries, for teaching the Catholic doctrines—and *no other reason*—and the tortures and ill-treatment of numerous natives as named in this narrative, for disobeying the laws made by the Protestant mission, are all

truths which every resident of Honolulu knows to be undeniable. The American mission cannot, have never ventured to deny them. They have quibbled over names and dates, and for this reason, none that can be disputed or evaded, are here given—but an honest, distinct denial, they have not made. The persecutions, after ineffectual attempts to evade and soften them down, were laid to the charge of the native chiefs. “The sufferers broke the laws.” True, but who labored to impress upon the untaught, credulous chiefs, the “dangers and horrors of popery? *Who framed the laws against toleration?* Who refused to intercede for the mitigation of the penalties? The Protestant mission.

Thirty or forty respectable gentlemen, including the Consuls of the leading nations of Europe, have expressed themselves in stronger language than I choose to employ, with respect to the American mission, and so far from imputing its conduct merely to an ill-regulated zeal for the advancement of their own faith, they have almost to a man, stated it as their conviction, that “The American Missionaries find an easy field, and a rich harvest, among these simple-hearted, free-giving Islanders, and are determined that no one shall interfere with their profits.” The Sandwich Island Mirror, an able and independent paper, handles with great power and precision, and that not once or twice, but repeatedly, the “false pretences.” (for so it scruples not to phrase it) “of non-interference of the Missionaries.” It says boldly, “the



American mission made (to their eternal reproach as freemen) *their* faith the law of the land, and would deprive of citizenship and subject to intolerable punishments, those who presumed to deviate from it." It also "challenges Mr. Bingham to show that the leading Missionaries *ever attempted to mitigate it*, until the astonishment and indignation of foreign captains forced them into it." But there is no use in dwelling on this, no resident on those Islands is ignorant of the facts of the persecutions, though as the American public hears little of Sandwich Island affairs, except through the Board of Missions, it may be received for a time with doubt in the United States—but only for a time.

After the unfortunate Bachelot and Maigret, were thus driven from the country for the crime of Romanism, there seemed nothing but plain sailing before the Protestants. To prevent more of these "idolators" coming among them, and to root out the noxious fibres, which had shot here and there among the natives, became the immediate care of the "*enlightened*," Kamehameka III., and his advisers. An ordinance was issued from the *Mission press*, stating that the tendency of the Romish faith was to "set man against man and create disturbance"—and to prevent its introduction, was "set forth in writing," the following

#### ORDINANCE,\*

#### REJECTING THE CATHOLIC RELIGION:

"I, with my chiefs, forbid, by this document, that any one should teach the peculiarities of the Pope's religion, nor shall it be allowed to any who teaches those doctrines or those peculiarities to reside in this kingdom; nor shall the ceremonies be exhibited in our kingdom, nor shall any one teaching its peculiarities or its faith be permitted to land

on these shores; *for it is not proper that two religions be found in this small kingdom.* Therefore we utterly refuse to allow any one to teach those peculiarities in any manner whatsoever, We moreover prohibit all vessels whatsoever from bringing any teacher of that religion into this kingdom.

"Any vessel that shall bring here a teacher of the Pope's religion or any thing similar, and wishes to enter the harbor on business, may enter, subject however to these regulations, viz. there shall no teacher from on board his ship be by any means permitted to come on shore, because all such have been strictly prohibited from this kingdom. And if any such teacher should come ashore, he shall be seized and returned to the vessel which he left. And the vessel in which he came shall not leave except he shall sail with it.

"And if any shall come on shore without liberty and shall be concealed until the vessel in which he came shall have sailed and afterwards shall be discovered, he shall remain a prisoner until a proper vessel can be obtained for him to return and then he shall go after having paid to the chiefs a fine at their discretion.

"But if it should be impossible for the said person to dwell on board, it shall be permitted him in writing to dwell for a season on shore on his giving bonds and security for the protection of the kingdom.

"If the master of a vessel shall refuse to obey this law and shall set on shore the teacher prohibited by this act, in contempt of the government, then the vessel shall be forfeited to the chiefs of these islands and become theirs, and the cargo on

\* *This is a literal translation of the Ordinance.* Public rumor assigned the preparation of the document to Messrs. Bingham and Castle.

board the vessel shall likewise become theirs, and the master of the vessel shall pay the sum of ten thousand dollars, but it may be optional with the chiefs to remit any part of the sum.

"Moreover if a stranger shall present himself as a mechanic, a merchant, or of any other business, and it shall be granted him to reside here, and afterwards he shall be found teaching the doctrine of the Pope or any thing else whereby this kingdom shall be disturbed, this law shall be in force against him, and he may be retained a prisoner or banished, after he shall have paid a fine at the discretion of the chiefs.

"If any one, either foreigner or native, shall be found assisting another in teaching the doctrine of the Pope's religion, he shall pay to the government, a fine of one hundred dollars for every such offence.

#### KAMEHAMEKA III.

*Lahaina, Maui, Dec. 18, 1837."*

This tolerant ordinance was issued, be it observed, at a date when the Protestant Missionaries claimed a controlling influence in the affairs of the Islands. If we may credit their own reports, "nothing of consequence was done without consulting the Mission Family."

Passing over the numerous minor and scattering annoyances which had intervened, we come to the well authenticated and *acknowledged* fruits of this curious ordinance.

On the 20th of June, 1838, three men and three women were arrested, tried, and condemned for believing and practising the observances of the Catholic Church, and sent to work with poor Kimione and his wife, and the aged Valeriano, who were still at work as scavengers. These unfortunate converts, nine in number, were forced (sick, famished, and feeble as they were) to toil without cessation. Chains and the

lash rewarded each faltering step, or toil-wrung sob of complaint.

Captain Elliot of H. B. M. ship *Fly*, during his brief visit in September of the same year, was shocked at this scene, and openly and in high terms denounced the cruelty and intolerance of such proceedings. He wrote to the Governess to entreat her "to release those who were suffering for mere opinions." The Governess in reply states, these people *are idolators, and are punished for believing in the Pope*, and therefore declines setting them free. Capt. Elliot warned her not to trust too far, those malicious and evil-minded persons who have misrepresented the Catholics to her, and says: the Catholics do not profess to *worship* images, (and surely they ought best to know what they do believe,) and advised her, in conclusion, not to invade the persons or property of British subjects on such untenable grounds. Captain Elliot was forced to depart, however, without obtaining any mitigation of the sufferings of Kimione and his eight companions. They were still at the public works, fed, lodged and beat as no christian would feed, lodge and beat his dogs. When on the 15th of June, 1839, sixty-seven natives, accused of Popery, were driven in, like beasts, from the district of Nainai, forty miles from Honolulu, almost without food, and with no shelter at night, but the sky. Some of these were women with children on their backs, some old and infirm, and some ill, one of them sunk down on the road, unable to go farther, *was abandoned in this state, and died the same evening.*

The sixty-seven wearied prisoners were dragged before the Governor and Chiefs, at and in their presence, were closely questioned *by the Rev. Mr. Richards, of the American Mission*, who told them, they were to be punished—not for being



Catholics, but for disobeying the laws in repeating the prayers of that faith. A very nice and satisfactory distinction worthy of a place in that gentleman's elaborate reports to the Board at home.

By threats and promises, all but thirteen of the trembling party were induced to renounce the Catholic faith, and promised to obey the laws by attending the Protestant Church, and therefore were permitted to find their way back to their homes. The remaining thirteen, were ordered to the fort to be put to the torture; we say torture, for the wrist of one person was there lashed to that of another, the arms raised over a partition seven feet in height, which divided each couple, who also had their feet confined in irons. On Sunday morning, the succeeding day, exhausted by fatigue and pain, nine of this number were liberated and the remaining four, two men and two women, twenty-four hours afterwards, all promising *to obey the law*.

On the 24th of June, a circumstance occurred, which from the sex and respectability of the sufferers, called forth the indignant interference of the resident foreigners, and compelled the Missionaries, individually, to show hands. It is taken from a paper printed on the spot—has never been, and cannot be contradicted.

"Juliana Makawahi, aged 50 years, and Malia Makalina, aged 30, were dragged in a rude insulting manner before the Governess, by a mob of natives, and accused of Romanism, and after twelve hours detention, and being questioned by some underlings, as to their religion, they were hurried to the fort, like their predecessors, to be tortured, till they should renounce their faith in the 'religion of the Pope.' On their arrival at the fort, at 5 P. M., the two female prisoners were re-

peatedly ordered to renounce the *pule* (faith) Pelani, (the religion of the French,) and embrace the *pule* of Mr. Bingham, this they firmly refused to do, preferring rather torture and death. The elder of the two was then drawn up to a withered tree, her arms placed around one of its dead branches about seven feet high and then shackled with irons, so that she might be said to hang by the wrists, as she could barely touch the ground with her toes. The other female was brought up to the eaves of a low thatched house, where her arms were forced round one of the rafters about six feet in height, and then made fast by irons on the wrist. In this position, her ankles also were fettered with irons, and she stood with her face (which was necessarily much inclined) so near the thatch, that it was constantly lacerated by the stubs of grass, which she was unable to avoid. During the night, heavy showers of rain fell, which poured in torrents upon the exposed persons of these miserable beings, and in the morning when the sun shone forth, in all its splendor, as it climbed to its meridian height, its scorching rays blazed upon the uncovered heads of the poor sufferers who were becoming more and more exhausted, as their torture was protracted. In this situation they were found, by a large number of the most respectable of the foreign residents, who visited the fort at about 11 A. M., to witness this scene of persecution, the Governor was absent, but the gentlemen succeeded in liberating the prisoners from their awful and critical position.

When taken down, nature was exhausted. They were unable to stand without support; their wrists were lacerated and swollen, and their heads burning with fever, occasioned by the rays of a vertical sun, and eighteen hours of torture,—without

food or water. But for the interference of the foreigners they must, in a few hours have died at the stake. One of the gentlemen, when he first saw the wretched condition of the prisoners, hastened to Mr. Bingham, and entreated his intervention; but Mr. Bingham declined 'interfering with the course of the laws.' The Rev. Mr. Bishop was then appealed to, and he immediately repaired to the fort and expressed the utmost horror and indignation at the scene. He declared 'such inhuman proceedings must be checked,' and then they were checked. The Governor ordered their irons to be struck off, and the hapless women released. With singular constancy they refused to the very last to renounce or deny their faith, and declared themselves willing to endure on, even to death, for the name of 'Christ the son of God, who died on the cross for their sins.'

Kimione and his band were not set free, however; their obstinacy in persisting in their errors had exasperated the ignorant ferocity of certain chiefs, and even the missionaries themselves would, if they had tried, have found it difficult to allay the bitterness they had engendered towards "the doctrines of the Pope" in the minds of these easily-excited and wrong-headed Islanders. There has been more than one effort made to gloss over the barbarous treatment of the females who were forced to work on the roads; as the penalty of Romanism, but the facts are too public. No one living on the island from 1836 to 1839, can or will dispute them.

But the petty tyranny that triumphed in this lone and distant region over the stranger and the helpless, was soon to be broken. The sovereignty of France, indignant at the audacity with which these island chiefs trampled on the rights of the citizens of France, sent the frigate *Artémise*, commanded by the gallant Laplace, to teach them wisdom and toleration.

On the 9th day of July 1839, the *Artémise* cast her anchor in the waters of Oahu, and on the same day an officer was despatched with the following document to the Sandwich authorities:

#### MANIFESTO.

*Addressed to the King of the Sandwich Islands, by Captain Laplace, commanding the French frigate l'Artémise, in the name of his Government.*

His Majesty the King of the French, having commanded me to come to Honolulu in order to put an end, either by force or persuasion, to the ill-treatment to which the French have been victims at the Sandwich Islands, I hasten, first, to employ this last means as the most conformable to the political, noble, and liberal system pursued by France against the powerless, hoping thereby that I shall make the principal chiefs of these islands understand how fatal the conduct which they pursue towards her, will be to their interests, and perhaps cause disasters to them and to their country, should they be obstinate in their perseverance. Misled by perfidious counsellors, deceived by the excessive indulgence which the French government has extended towards them for several years, they are undoubtedly ignorant how potent it is, and that in the world there is not a power which is capable of preventing it from punishing its enemies: otherwise they would have endeavored to merit its favor, or not to incur its displeasure, as they have done in ill-treating the French. They would have faithfully put into execution the treaties, in place of violating them as soon as the fear disappeared, as well as the ships of war which had caused it, whereby bad intentions had been constrained. In fine they will comprehend, that to persecute the Catholic religion, to tarnish it with the name of idolatry, and to ex-



pel under this absurd pretext, the French from this Archipelago, was to offer an insult to France and to its sovereign.

It is, without doubt, the formal intention of France that the King of the Sandwich Islands be powerful, independent of every foreign power, and that he considers her his ally; but she also demands that he conform to the usages of civilized nations. Now, amongst the latter there is not even one which does not permit in its territory the free toleration of all religions; and yet, at the Sandwich Islands the French are not allowed publicly the exercise of theirs, while Protestants enjoy therein the most extensive privileges; for these all favors; for those the most cruel persecutions. Such a state of affairs being contrary to the laws of nations, insulting to those of Catholics, can no longer continue, and I am sent to put an end to it. Consequently, I demand in the name of my government:

1st. That the Catholic worship be declared free throughout all the dominions subject to the King of the Sandwich Islands; that the members of this religious faith shall enjoy in them all the privileges granted to Protestants.

2d. That a site for a Catholic church be given by the government at Honolulu, a port frequented by the French; and that this church be ministered by priests of their nation.

3d. That all Catholics imprisoned on account of religion since the last persecutions extended to the French missionaries, be immediately set at liberty.

4th. That the King of the Sandwich Islands deposit in the hands of the Captain of the *Artémise* the sum of twenty thousand dollars as a guarantee of his future conduct towards France, which sum the government will restore to him when it shall consider that the accompanying treaty will be faithfully complied with.

5th. That the treaty signed by the King of the Sandwich Islands, as well as the sum above mentioned, be conveyed on board the frigate *l'Artémise* by one of the principal chiefs of the country; and also that, the batteries of Honolulu do salute the French flag with twenty-one guns, which will be returned by the frigate.

These are the equitable conditions at the price of which, the King of the Sandwich Islands shall conserve friendship with France. I am induced to hope, that, understanding better how necessary it is for the prosperity of this people and the preservation of his power, he will remain in peace with the whole world, and hasten to subscribe to them, and thus imitate the laudable example which the Queen of Taheiti has given in permitting the free toleration of the Catholic religion in her dominions; but, if contrary to my expectations, it should be otherwise, and the King and the principal chiefs of the Sandwich Islands, led on by bad counsellors, refuse to sign the treaty which I present, war will immediately commence, and all the devastations, all the calamities which may be the unhappy but necessary results, will be imputed to themselves alone; and they must also pay the losses which the aggrieved foreigners in these circumstances, shall have a right to reclaim.

C. LAPLACE,

Captain of the French frigate *l'Artémise*, the 10th July, (9th according to date here\*) 1839.

Captain Laplace also invited all American citizens—except the clergy, to whom he imputed the cruel persecution of his countrymen, and the passage of the intolerant laws—to take refuge on board his ship, if

\* The first missionaries lost a day somehow on the passage, and actually keep *Saturday* for the sabbath, up to this moment.

they felt themselves exposed to danger. The lay foreigners who, as a body, had thrown the blame on the mission, returned a very polite answer, and expressed much gratification at the presence and conduct of the French commander.

Forty-eight hours were given by the commander of the *Artémise* for the King to comply with the terms of the Manifesto, failing to do which, hostilities would then immediately commence. His Majesty, however, being absent, intercession was made by the Governor, to have the time extended for complying with the terms of the manifesto, till a vessel might be despatched to a neighboring island for the King. The period prescribed was in consequence, protracted for six days, and the Governor immediately despatched a small native schooner to the island of Maui, where the King at that time, was residing.

On Saturday morning, the 13th inst., the King not having arrived, the Governor made known to Captain Laplace, that he was willing and disposed immediately to comply with the conditions of the manifesto in behalf of his sovereign, whom he feared, might have been persuaded or prevented from leaving his residence at Maui. Accordingly, at 3 o'clock the same day, Colonel Kekuanooa, the Governor, in full uniform, repaired on board *l'Artémise*, in the barge of the King, carrying with him twenty thousand dollars in silver and gold, and bearing also the treaty, (similar to the manifesto) signed by himself and the Governess Kekauluohi, in behalf of Kamehameka III., King of the Sandwich Islands. As the barge proceeded to the frigate, the fort saluted the French flag with twenty one guns, which, on the Governor's arriving on board, was returned by an equal number. Kekauluohi was received with every respect and attention by

Captain Laplace, and after remaining on board about an hour, returned to the shore.

Thus was an established religion—the unholy union of church and state—suggested, maintained and defended to the last, by citizens of free and tolerant America—abolished forever, and peacefully abolished, by a French frigate.

On Sunday the king arrived, and Captain Laplace for the first time, went ashore. He was escorted by two hundred men to the palace, where a military mass was celebrated. On the 17th, the royal family visited the *Artémise*, and were entertained with the usual honors.

A commercial treaty between France and the Sandwich Islands was ratified before the frigate sailed. The persecuted, including the long suffering Kimione, were set free, and full and formal, security of person and property to all foreigners, and liberty of conscience to all sects, were guaranteed in consequence of her visit. But shame it is to us, that the tri-color should be compelled to teach justice to the children of the twenty-six stars.

Before closing this narrative, the compiler would disclaim the belief that the American churches or the American Board of Missions would, for a moment, encourage a spirit of intolerance. Their whole system of conduct proves they would not, and step by step some of the members of the mission protested against the progress of these persecutions. But the desire for uncontrolled superiority was supreme. Circumstances favored the wish, and the descendants of the Pilgrims, thus tempted, proved that the stern, unsparing blood of their puritan sires was not extinct in their veins. They resolved to be “unto all a guide and a law.”

The citizens of this country have been slow to believe their cherished and favorite servants *could* lend their



energies to the task of teaching man to hate and despise his brother, because of differences of faith, which they admit are not essential to salvation. To convince those persons of their mistake, and to inquire on what ground of reciprocity Protestant missionaries expect to be kindly received in Catholic countries, it is right to call attention to the contemptuous and exasperating manner in which Protestant ministers and Protestant papers preach and write of the Catholic faith. Even here, our very school-books are tainted with expressions calculated to engrave on the ductile mind of childhood bitter dislike—not simply peculiarities of catholicism—but of *all* Catholics, of the immense body of our fellow-beings. Is this republican? Is it wise? Is it christian? In a geography prepared and printed by the missionaries, and by them introduced into general use in the Sandwich Islands, we find these deliberate falsehoods stated with respect to the Catholics of Canada. After teaching such things, these amiable shepherds are astonished that Catholics do not invite and assist them to spread farther such invaluable *truths*. But here is an extract from their *very* reliable and impartial book:

## TRANSLATION.

"The French people who dwell there (Canada) are very ignorant. Many of them do not know the *pala-pala* (books.) When they came to Canada, they came with bad teachers. They were lying teachers, who followed the religion of the Pope. They were deceitful teachers. They did not teach the people the palapala, lest their wickedness and deceit should be known. They taught the people to assent to the words of the priests only. They said to them, that they would repent for the sins of the people. It was good

for them that the people should remain in their sins, and that the heart should fear death. *Then by paying a large sum of money to the priest, he would repent for them. The priests would not repent for the sins of the man who paid but little money. But if the sum was large then all was well; though he was a murderer, a thief, a rebel, the priests repented and appeased God.*"

One statement more and I have done. It is this. No mission in this country will give a dollar towards furnishing books and instruction to any Catholic country, unless they are permitted to interfere with the established faith. It is in the power of either board to establish good primary schools from one end to the other of this continent, in which a sound *scriptural* elementary instruction would be a part of the system; yet not one will move in the matter. A many, very many of the priests of South America will stand ready to work in the cause and make such true evangelical books as "The Peep of Day," a part of the routine of study, but no mission board comes forward to plant the vineyard. Shall we infer that they wish to destroy rather than purify; to tear down another sect, rather than repair the walls of the fold; that to *convert* and not to *enlighten*, is their darling plan?

Certain it is they utterly refuse to enter a field in which they can co-operate with Catholics in dispensing religious instruction. They would rather leave it in the profoundest darkness, than offer one ray of light in other than a Protestant candlestick. Let the christian public look diligently to this, and they will find that money enough has been wasted on sectarianism, to instruct and regenerate every nation known in our geography.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## THE AGE OF THE MEDICI.

BY WALTER J. WALSH.

HISTORY is the great river, on which floats from age to age, the tributes of genius, science, and civilization. The ever active waters, heaving and purifying the deposit which time drops upon its bosom, throws it upon the bank, a beacon and blessing to the succeeding age, or opens and buries forever in the oblivion of its depths, that which it stamped unworthy of immortality. It is the great tie that links us with the first born, and as we follow along in its course, we shall mark the simplicity, beauty and sublimity of the first dawn of creation, the rapid transition from that state to the birth of that tremendous influence, which has since infused into humanity the warring elements of passion and the lust of power. We can stand beside this mighty river, and reach with unobstructed vision its remotest sources, and following upon its bank, will mark here the spot where once flourished a proud and powerful empire, with nothing to tell of its existence to after times, but the memorials which history has gathered from its ruins, and preserved to its memory! And there the birth of some great truth in philosophy and science which progresses on in a luminous track, to our own time. Here the advent of some bright genius that shows a meteoric radiance through the vista of years, and we are born and come down to it, and

find its mark after the lapse of centuries; there the broken lance, the battered shield and the crushed helmet, which tell of some fearful fight between the bold and the powerful, or perhaps more glorious still, the spot around which hovered the genius of liberty, and left the brilliant and ineffaceable impress of its presence. We move on, and we find gathering around and about us the evidences of a broader and more comprehensive energy and activity; the arid and scathed track of pagan progress is receding in the distance, from our view, and the beneficent sunshine of religion has scattered its flowers and bathed with its odors the earth upon which we tread.

Starting from that great division of time when the presence of God created a line between the gloom and error of the past, and the glory, light, and truth of the future, we shall encounter the signs of some great principle, which, like the fabled genii of eastern imagination, was present at the alternate triumphs and defeats of truth against error, to preserve its trophies and protect its feebleness. Some mighty yet benign spirit that strode the blazing streets of Rome, while the Hun and the Vandal were trampling its glorious monuments and its hoarded parchments to the dust, and amid the flames and the carnage, rescued from the destroying hand of the fierce Goth, the



treasured emanations of a Cicero, a Virgil, and the matchless oracles of Paul. Some influence which, like the Dragon of Paradise, stood before the temples wherein were stored the refulgent tributes of genius, and guarded them from the torch which barbarism lighted throughout the world. This was the hallowed spirit that followed the conquest of the Roman and Grecian arms, and diminished the horrors of war by the treasures which it accumulated, to strengthen and elevate the human mind; that walked the world in all its alternations of strife and calm during the eventful epochs that crowned the span of the christian ages; that hovered over the turret crowned palaces of Constantinople, when the turbaned Turks poured in to its destruction, and felled with one tremendous blow the glory and majesty of the western empire, and saved from their fury those glorious records that make the memory of Greece a sacred and classic theme. That spirit, in fine, which had its birth eighteen centuries ago, and travelling over the ruin of empires and the wreck of all the world then new, is amidst us now, unharmed by the conflict, and widening its boundaries to the land of the Bosphorus and the Niger.

What race of men brought that spirit into life, and nourished and fostered it as well amid the pomp and imperial splendor of the Roman Court as upon the plains of barbarous conquest, is a question which has shaken the loftiest intellects the world has yet known. The stormy reasoning of Voltaire and Condorcet, and that fiery host of Sceptics who poured the hot lava of infidelity upon the French nation, would teach us that it is the effect of a cause which no creed and no men could control. The profoundly mystical philosophers of Germany, trace it to the influence of a sentiment, which rests

in the human mind and will at times, burst forth with volcanic rapidity and splendor, and that like the fires of that great phenomena, it consumes and scatters the smoke and mists that obscure the human mind. And yet another class, standing midway between the thick gloom of unbelief and the glorious sun-bright of Catholic truth, assure us that that great principle had no existence until the sixteenth century. That the ages which preceded the startling heresies of Luther and Melancthon, were a blank in human progress, and buried in the profound depths of popish error. That the painters and the sculptors whose works crowded the Pantheon and the Vatican at Rome, and the Laurentian temple of genius at Florence, and that the poets whose sublime verse has immortalized them, were the accidents of the age and not the offspring of a great cause, that brought their genius into action and fostered and protected it, in an age memorable for the conflicts and ravages of war.

But the Catholic who turns his eye back upon the path of ages, discovers the memorials of this presiding deity, over genius and civilization in every remove from the birth of his sublime creed. He finds its image impressed upon every monument of the past, and traces as clearly the glory of its presence on the shores of Asia and Africa, and in the rude old monasteries of England, where a noble pilgrim of that creed first broke the light of christianity and civilization upon the pagan Britons, as upon the magnificent temples which make continental Europe the study of ages and the glory of our race. He traces the presence of his creed in every advance from barbarism, and hails it with an enthusiasm of reverence, when, through that long night of barbaric fury it stood a luminous pillar on whose front posterity might

gather the record of the genius of the past. We sweep from our vision the veil with which modern times have sought to envelope the glory and majesty of our church, and from the ruins of her temporal greatness, we hail her as the sole guardian of all in the past that is worthy the honor of the present. Had the Roman Church armed herself with no weapon to protect the sacred deposit which a God placed in her bosom, but the appeal of reason and virtue, the remotest vestige of the literature and philosophy of the early ages, and indeed, of the writings of the saints and sages, would have lit up the sacrifice of some pagan altar. Throughout the terrific conflict between barbarism and christian civilization, which shed over the eight centuries, succeeding the fourth, a mournful, yet intense interest, the Church of Rome, rocked upon its tumultuous sea, preserved from the desolating ravages of the former, the glorious treasures with which she was freighted. In those ages she stood like a giant arbiter, closing up the pathway to retrogression, and with a power almost divine, commanded the world to advance. And seizing the materials that made the progress certain, she lighted the fires of intellect upon every shore of Europe, and the emanations which they sent forth, are to this hour the warmth and life of all that is pure and virtuous in our literature; all that is sound and humanizing in our philosophy, and all that is sublime and truthful in our religion.

Without the temporal power with which the church was surrounded in the middle ages, how would it have been possible for her to have driven back that furious and desecrating spirit, which, starting from the north of Europe, threatened to bury in blood and ashes, the genius and civilization of the south? What obstacle would the meek and sanctified

priest of the altar offer to the inroads of that fearful horde of barbarians who rushed upon southern Europe, like a tremendous avalanche, burying temples and altars in its progress? What but the strong arm of temporal power, fortified by the reverence which its sacred mysteries impressed upon the world, could have preserved Europe from plunging back into primal barbarism, during those ages when she whirled and staggered from the conflicts of contending despots? What nobler picture does the voluminous pages of history present to our admiration than the appeals of millions of oppressed and down-trodden people, to the armed head of their church, to strike the mace from the hand of the tyrant? And what higher or more glorious thought, than to look back in imagination, upon the Banner of the Cross, and the armed hosts of Rome, travelling the plains of Europe, asserting justice and right, and curbing the fiery spirit and mad ambition, that fettered the genius of the age? Yes, riven and blasted as has been the fame of the armed presence of Catholic Rome, it is to that temporal as well as spiritual power, we owe all that is lofty and elevated, that has reached our own times. Without the lust of dominion which made Rome a terror under the Cæsars, she balanced the powers of Europe, restrained the licentiousness of its courts, and every where gave to learning and the arts, an immunity and dignity, that made their pursuit honorable, and to their works a sanctity which has been the cause of their transmission to our day, as radiant with beauty, as when they were first offered as a tribute to the fosterage of their protectress.

In whatever light we may view the influence of the Church since her establishment up to the period when modern reasoners say the mists of error were pierced by awakened



thought and fearless investigation, whether upon the germ of a new and truthfully philosophic literature—or the patron, promoter and defender of art and science, or upon political justice and public liberty—or as a stupendous organization to spread the light and glory of christian civilization, in either and all these elements of man's happiness and elevation, she has been the ruling genius of their progress. Standing at this distance of time, and contemplating the position she held during the early ages, she seems a solitary star guarding the world from the appalling gloom in which the license of passion threatened to drive it, and ever and anon, flashing the purity and majesty of its light upon the world beneath, or—as she has been described by one of the most eloquent of her ministers—like a rock in the midst of a tempestuous ocean, with the waves of heresy and infidelity dashing at its base, and the sun of “heaven shining upon its brow.” None came too high or proudly decked in the panoply of power to escape the thunders of her wrath, and none too low to appeal unanswered to her mercy and protection. She seemed to partake of the attribute of the God that created her, and with her omnipresent authority, threw a shield over the struggling genius of progress and advancement, and throughout the world asserted the majesty and inviolability of mind. Here then, are we to find the principle which survived the storm and fury of the northern hordes who threatened to wrap Europe in the pall of barbarism. Here the spirit then hovered around the intellectual remains of the mighty dead at Constantinople, and saved them from the sacrilegious flames of the Turk. The church, during that fearful struggle, was the nucleus around which centred all the treasured emanations of intellect—the

offspring of ages, and found it the only spot upon all the earth, where they might rest in defiance of the perils that threatened them. To the hallowed shrine of Rome, during that long night of barbaric triumph, fled the philosopher and the poet, the painter and the sculptor, and within its sanctuary deposited, as a legacy to posterity, the creations of their mighty minds. Do the ages to which she has bequeathed them, owe no honor to their munificent benefactor? Will he who is ravished with the verse of Virgil and elevated with the eloquence of Cicero, find no hour of grateful reverence to the ministering spirit that handed them to this age? Will he who stands transported beside the magnificent mausoleums of Rome's glorious dead, pour out no tribute to the high and honored cause of their preservation? Or have the giant strides of modern liberalism crushed the sentiment of gratitude as unbecoming the bold and progressive spirit of man?

The aspersed fame and tarnished glory of the middle ages are necessary to support the assaults upon the modern church, and to effect this they trample upon her resplendent history, and drag from her venerable brow, the laurels which the tide of ages has accumulated there.

One of the most honorable proofs and testimonials of the spirit to which the Church of Rome gave birth, is the emulation and ambition which it raised up among the nobility to excel in the munificence with which they crowned the successor of genius.

Rome, Florence, Venice, Genoa and Milan, rivalled each other in their magnificent support, and the public honors which they bestowed upon the triumphs of genius. While the productions of a gifted painter were being carried by a public procession to the temple of their desti-

nation, in one city, the other would by acts of magnanimous gratitude, load with the highest honors of the State, the muse of a true poet or the sublime image of the sculptor's genius. In Milan, the long line of Dukes of the house of Sforza attempted to rival the Pope of Rome and the great Medici of Florence, in the number and splendor of their productions of art and science; and from this ambition to win honors in the highest path of greatness, sprung forth that wondrous product of mind that lighted up the land of Italy with the radiance of its purest fires. Turn where the traveller may upon that classic soil, and he finds upon its myriad monuments, in its religious temples and on the treasured parchments of the Vatican and the Laurenti, the memorials of that great spirit which radiated from the Catholic Church in that palmiest hour of the arts and literature. This noble emulation was infused into the worshippers of that church, and it has raised some of the Italian families to a point of splendor, which no time can dim and no prejudice sully. It is among the finest features of that age, and the high emulative spirit that conceived it, opened one of the richest mines of mental benefactions, that has yet broke upon mankind. That it was brought forth and encouraged by the church, and that amongst distinguished luminaries of that sacred fold, were its most noble patrons, the ample proofs of the historic page, afford most conclusive testimony. In its sublime and soul-elevating faith, in its unity and universality, and in the poetry and splendor of its ceremonies, were glorious themes to rouse the fires of genius and the history of those ages, crowded with its products and lustrous with the chain of sympathy that existed between the author and the patron, is the proudest evidence that the living intellect

was there, to adorn them with its glories.

The history of Italy during the middle ages, is pregnant with the highest interest. At the close of where historians place that division of time, it was the only abode of letters; the scholars of Greece bade farewell to their country when its hallowed soil was trodden in triumph by the conquering Turk, where, with the Medici and the Sforzas, they remembered their country only in their songs, and planted in a foreign land, the germ of that sublime philosophy, which has nearly deified its great author. From none did these pilgrims of science and letters receive the honors and welcome of Italy, as from the Medici of Florence, who being themselves the ornaments of their age, and the idols of Tuscany, received them as members of the great brotherhood of genius. The history of this illustrious House, is the history of literature and arts, from the early part of the fifteenth, to the close of the seventeenth century. Among the galaxy of eminent families in Italy, who seemed to have inherited and transmitted from generation to generation, the lofty order of intellect they possessed, none approach the elevated niche, which the Medici carved in the temple of fame; while in the commotions and war-like conflicts of those periods, other families rose to the highest point of power and eminence; the next revolutionary outburst, would hurl them back into obscurity; the Medici rode with the fortune of destiny, to the pinnacle of permanent power. The founders of some of the illustrious Houses of Italy, like the Pitti and Pazzi, were born to rule and conquer fate; but their descendants, into whose hands their power was placed, fell like the son of Cromwell, back into the herd, from whence their fathers sprung. But



the Medici, from that great founder, Cosmo, though a succession, including that brilliant prince of letters, Leo X. and Lorenzo, the Magnificent, down to the last Duke of that name, who ruled Florence in the Eighteenth Century, seemed the peculiar inheritors of a splendid legacy of intellect, undiminished in its succession. The monuments of their glory which they have left to posterity, covered ages in their accumulation, and was the tribute of its members, who won it from every throne in Europe. Their immortality is graven upon every Cathedral in Italy, and embalmed in the verse of every Poet of their age. Rome can yet point to the memorials of the great age of Leo X., and Tuscany is one wide and glorious monument of the virtue, splendor, and power of Cosmo, and Lorenzo.

The rise of this memorable family, and the succession of brilliant characters, who have thrown around it the lustre of their deeds, is unsurpassed in the record of ages. This is not an original assumption, but is impressed in letters of light on the history of their country; and there must remain, so long as religion and civilization have one worshipper to guard it from extinction. Much earlier than the period we propose to examine, the Medici had shared the honors, and contributed to the greatness of their native Florence. Distinguished among the merchants of the Tuscan State, by their munificence, and their unrivalled opulence, at a time when commerce was the pursuit of Princes, they fill a large space in the early history of republican Florence. But Cosmo De Medici, the founder of the long line of Princes of that name, and who ruled the Tuscan State like a benignant Patriarch, during the early part of the fifteenth century, was the one who commenced that pa-

tronage of letters, which afterwards raised his house to the highest honors of Italy and the world. His family had always been the stern and successful defenders of the liberties of their country; and from the time of Salvestro De Medici, who rose like the great Rienzi, and expelled the nobility when they dared to touch the free Charter of Florence; to Lorenzo, who guarded it with a parent's care, they had been its guardians.

Without appearing to have power, he was yet the monarch of Tuscany, but not one among its citizens was more watchful, or zealous of its liberties, or more cautious in assuming superiority over the humblest citizen of Florence. Under a kind of government, novel in itself, and peculiarly susceptible to the intrigues of ambition, he respected its feeblest feature, and transmitted it to his son, with its broad and liberal provisions for the maintenance of public liberty, untouched. The form of government in Florence, at the time of the elevation of Cosmo, and for generations before him, was unlike that of any other State in Italy. While Venice had her Doge, who under the semblance of democratic equality, ruled with imperial sway, and Milan and Genoa, their Dukes, who governed with regal power; Florence, with its Gonfaloniere and Council of ten, was the only truly democratic government in existence; unless indeed we except that oldest and steadiest of Democracies, the Elective Pope, and College of Cardinals at Rome. Chosen, to the office of Gonfaloniere, Cosmo, by the munificence of his bequests to the cause of learning and the arts, opened a new and proud era in the history of genius. The perfect gloom shed over the literature of Italy, which covered fifty years, succeeding the deaths of that mighty triumvirate of genius, Dante,

Petrarch, and Boccaccio, was broken by the aspiring mind of Cosmo; and the empire of science and taste established by the House of Medici. The first link of his brilliant scheme, was the foundation of the Laurentian Library, and the selection from among the learned monastics of his day, the most competent to scour Greece and Rome, in search of manuscripts and statues, to adorn Florence, and enkindle an emulation to rival the ancients in arts and letters. Pazzio, distinguished for his learning, and his devotion to the cause of literature, was despatched to Rome, where, mouldering in oblivion and neglect, he discovered and rescued from inevitable destruction, some of those finest productions of genius, that confront the boaster of modern perfection, with an accusing eloquence. Among the rich treasures with which he was freighted on his return to Florence, were the complete works of Quintillian, several of the most splendid orations of Cicero, and five books of the works of Tacitus. To Greece, ravaged and rent assunder by the conquests of the Turks, proceeded Aurispa, the friend and agent of Cosmo. From the fell grasp of the Turk, who would have consigned them to the same conflagration that enwrapped Constantinople, he rescued the complete works of Plato, Lucian and Xenophon; the geography of Strabo, and the Poems of Pindar, and others of less eminence. Had his arm not been stretched forth to save these glorious proudeets of intellect, they would have perished, and posterity over a few of their fragments, would have mourned in vain for their acquisition.

From these ample materials, he founded an Academy, in which was taught, the impressive philosophy of Plato, and public lecturers were employed to throw open to the citizens of Florence, the sealed beauties of the

ancient writers. The remotest sections of the civilized world were explored by his agents, and manuscripts in every language, and upon every subject, were collected and gathered for preservation at Florence. If we bear in mind, that these labors preceded the discovery of printing, and few copies, at most, could have existed of these works, we shall be able to estimate the stupendous blessings which the Medici have bestowed upon mankind. Nor even to the pursuit of this comprehensive labor, were his active energies confined: throughout Florence, he erected magnificent public buildings at his own private expense, which to this day are models of pure and elaborate architecture. It may well be supposed that such conduct gave him a powerful ascendancy over the popular mind, and that he became the pride of his own native city. The reverence which almost amounted to worship of the Florentines, descended to his sons Lorenzo, and Giulamo, and at his death, although quite young, they both were clothed with the same power of their father. But when the majestic Cosmo had departed, faction reared its head, and a formidable effort was made to crush the power of the Medici. The family of the Pazzi, the most ambitious and factious of the Italian noblesse, resolved, by a bold and treacherous act, to destroy the Medici, and on their ruins, to seize the government of Florence. This was attempted by one of the most thrilling and horrible conspiracies of the age; prolific as it was, in the murderous stratagems of ambition. An attempt has been made by hostile historians, to connect some of the highest dignitaries of Rome, with that awful sacrilege, in order to sever the fame of the Medici, from its legitimate participator—the Catholic Church. But an unprejudiced posterity, will find, in the ambitious



character of the Pazzi, and the jealousy of the nobles toward those they attempted to destroy, sufficient reason to give birth to the conspiracy. The Pazzi meditated by a single blow, to cut down the Medici; and to add honor to the act, they appointed the sacred temple of God, as the place of its execution. Lorenzo and Giuliano, were to be assassinated in the Church of St. Raparata, at Florence, while attending the mysterious ceremonies of the Mass. The time for the execution of the plan arrived, and while bending before the altar, at the agreed signal, which was the elevation of the sacred host, the conspirators rushed upon their youthful victims, and plunging a stiletto into the heart of Giuliano, left him a bleeding corpse at the foot of the altar. But Lorenzo grappled with his assailants, and drawing his sword, defended himself until the appalled spectators recovered sufficiently to rush to his protection. The populace of Florence, were in a blaze of fury, at the attempt upon the beloved Medici, and rushing upon the palaces of the Pazzi, dedicated them to the flames, and their owners to the scaffold. The remotest connection of the race of the Pazzi, were expelled from Florence; and Lorenzo, amid the exulting shouts of the Tuscan people, was elevated to still higher power than was possessed by his ancestor.

This great Prince, who claims alone on the page of history, the title of the "Magnificent," during his long and glorious reign, shed upon his family, imperishable lustre. Palitiano, one of the first poets and profoundest philosophers of his age, stood beside him when the dagger of the Pazzi was aimed at his breast, and when he saw him rescued and once more in the seat of his great father, he hailed him as the

"High born Lorenzo! laurel! in whose shade

Thy Florence rests, nor fears the lowering storm;

Nor threatening signs in heaven's high front displayed;

Nor Jove's dread anger in its fiercest form."

No sooner had Lorenzo established for himself, the confidence and admiration of the Florentines, than he commenced his high and honored career, as the most munificent benefactor of genius, and a course of governmental policy that raised Florence to the zenith of honor and influence among the surrounding States. Himself a poet, of fine powers, with a profound knowledge of art and science, and a mind that grasped every department of literature, guided by the most exquisite taste, and the deepest sensibility of feeling; he shone the proudest in the court of genius, for such may Florence emphatically be termed, during the life of Lorenzo De Medici. Without crediting him with vast and comprehensive powers of mind, inexhaustible energies of character and firmness, and unrivalled elevation and purity of sentiment, it would be impossible to account for the extraordinary sensibility and success of his labors; and the magnanimity he evinced when with all Tuscany at his feet, he uttered his proudest boast, that he was a "Florentine Citizen." Freedom is the parent of progress, and a consciousness pervading the popular mind of political equality, is the surest warrant that the people who feel it, will push forward into the arcana of knowledge, and rife it of its wealth. That high and healthful spirit of freedom was the characteristic of the Tuscan mind, during the age of Lorenzo. His munificent spirit was exerted to foster the germ of intellect, in whatever sphere it manifested itself, and all the pathways of genius were lighted up by

his countenance and patronage.

The glorious art of Painting, which, during the preceding ages, had sunk into uninspired mediocrity, was, under him, elevated to its highest point of excellence. The rich depths of history were sounded, to afford a theme for the painter's brush, and the glowing canvas under the genius of Raphael was made to develop the power and beauty of the divine art. The sanctified retreats of prayer and the sublime ceremonies of the Catholic faith were lighted up with the immortal productions of Ciambue and Sienna. The beautiful embodiment of the dream of piety, met the eye of the devoted penitent, and elevated and purified his aspirations. The enthusiasm of the Painter, when impressing upon the lifeless canvas, the creation of his genius, was met by an appreciation on the part of the Florentines, as fervent as his own imaginative mind. It was no uncommon spectacle in the days of Lorenzo, to have a public festival proclaimed, for the purpose of transporting by public procession from the Studio to the Church, the production of some great master, destined to adorn its walls. The innumerable and inestimable gems that cover the walls of the Cathedrals of Florence, are all radiant monuments to the beneficence of the Medici, and until the breathing canvas moulders into dust, the spirit which Lorenzo impressed upon his age, will live in them and challenge the reverence of coming generations. Sculpture likewise, saw its palmiest hour under the patronage of Lorenzo, and never was its high mission so nobly performed as when dictated by the generous impulses of his breast. In that splendid epoch of genius, the chisel and the pencil were not bribed to give immortality to those who had trodden upon the liberties of their country; or deck out criminal wealth in the habili-

ments of virtue. It was not decorated by pandering to the vanity, and giving glory to the follies of the profligate great, but in the majesty of its nature, and the independence which it found in the smile of the Medici, it dedicated its honors and its trophies to those whose virtue merited the tribute of genius. In that spirit was it, that Lorenzo gathered about him the finest artists of the age, and by the honors which he bestowed upon them and the monuments he raised to the memory of any who fell from the bright host that surrounded him, did he fire with emulation, the lowliest aspirant to distinction in the State. His celebrated gardens at Florence, were the nurseries of genius; and to them, after the cares of State had wearied his spirits, did he retire to commune with those who looked upon his presence as the common centre of intellectual progress and refinement. In those gardens, surrounded by Politiano, Pico of Mirandola, Fecino, and a host of the most distinguished philosophers and poets of his age, he conceived his great plans for the promotion of arts and letters; and in those classic retreats, memorable in the annals of Florence for the magnificence which they were adorned by the prolific product of the genius which he fostered, was the youth of the immortal Angelo spent. In the sunshine of Lorenzo De Medici's patronage, ripened that mind, which in after years shed so much glory upon his country. It is said that the indomitable fires of true genius cannot be smothered, and that it is indebted to no fortune, for its developement; but who will say that the ardent soul of Michael Angelo may not have consumed itself with the intensity of its fires, had his fortune been thrown upon an age, and among a people who would have met his proud enthusiasm with neglect and scorn? Where would



have been his swelling canvas and those impressive and sublime creations of his chisel, that give an incomparable and imperious character to Italian painting and sculpture, had not the munificence of the great Medici clothed them with their glory and wealth? His proudly sensitive character, and the scope and depth of his genius, would perhaps, have left memorials of its existence, even if his lot had been cast upon the mountains and in the pristine and wild symplicity of Switzerland; but the moral grandeur, which is his highest quality, was born in the garden of the Medici. There he was surrounded by the models of what of excellence had preceded him and the latent fires of his mind, roused into the full glow of life by the fascinating incentives which the statues and paintings of those celebrated gardens presented. Under the benign auspices of Lorenzo his genius matured into that greatness which has exalted him to the highest niche of fame among the sculptors of Italy. Early commended to the attention of his protector by an incident as beautiful as it was full of promise of the excellence which he afterward attained, he held one of the highest places in his admiration. Angelo, while quite young, and during his noviciate in the garden of art and science, perpetuated a piece of amusement, which had in it a radiant scintillation of the power which he afterwards developed. A beautiful painting had been executed by Ciambue, and was placed in the garden of Lorenzo, where he passed many hours in examining the productions of the various masters. Michael Angelo, on beholding it, seized his pencil and painted a fly on the nose of Apollo, one of the persons of the group; Ciambue, when he led his patron to behold the result of his labors, seeing the wing-

ed intruder upon the beautiful feature of his portrait, made an attempt to brush it off, but it adhered to the canvas as firmly as the nose itself. Lorenzo, delighted with the admirable deception, instituted enquiries as to the artist, and from that hour, until his death, Michael Angelo, was one of the most fortunate recipients of his favors. Some of the finest productions of this immortal Sculptor, are commemorative of the greatness and the virtues of the Medici family; and his native Tuscany is crowded with his works, which the munificence of Lorenzo, enabled him to execute, independent of the crushing necessities which quench the fire of modern artists.

Not even to painting and sculpture were his efforts for the regeneration of the arts confined; he founded an institution for instruction in the art of engraving on stones and gems, which until its revival under him, was fast falling into oblivion; but it then arose and subsequently under the pontificate of his son Leo X., attained its highest splendour. To such institutions, established and encouraged by him and other members of his family, may be traced that enthusiasm in the arts which distinguished the close of the fifteenth century, an age too often denounced as unredeemed by a single ray of intellectual light. The age of which I am speaking is the one popularly termed *dark*; and the gloom of which, it is said, exhibited more strikingly, the refulgent light that broke upon the world at the advent of the reformation.

But it was in the patronage of letters and a high order of literature, that the name of Lorenzo De Medici holds the high place it does in the history of his times. He may be said to be the soul of the literature of his age. His palace at Florence was the resort of the most em-

inent men of that period, and from this contact was brought forth some of the choicest friends of Florentine literature. Not one of eminence throughout Europe but turned to the Court of Lorenzo to inspect his cabinets and examine his magnificent collection of manuscripts; not one who had contributed to make it the store-house of all that was valuable in letters but tasted the bounty of its owner. Imitating the example of his ancestor Cosmo, he was daily enriching the Laurentian library, by accessions from the moulding depositories of Greece and Egypt, and, before his death, had gathered within its walls the finest collection of valuable manuscripts in the world. With that affluence of generosity, which is the work of a high and virtuous mind, he wished the world to share the benefit of his intellectual treasures; and although we are told that, *that* was a time when the policy of the Church was to keep light from the people, the father of Leo X., threw open his libraries and invited all to enter within their walls, and take copies of what had cost him a countless fortune to accumulate. A more striking proof still of the democratic basis of knowledge during that period, is the fact that public lectures were given to the people by order of Lorenzo, and the beauties of Dante and Petrarch were the common themes of the humblest of the Florentine populace; Public platonic festivals, were frequently held, at which Ficino and Landino, the eminent pupils of Lorenzo, discoursed upon the morals and philosophy of Plato, to the people. The sublime truths of the Bible were unfolded at those public assemblies, and unlike the modern humbugs which that sacred book is made to support, they breathed a free and comprehensive humanity, unsullied by the dark spirit of bigotry which is the blight spot

and the shame of our own times.

The ambition of Lorenzo De Medici, was to elevate mankind, and not himself, for had he desired, he might have ridden over the liberties of Tuscany and half the States of Italy. But he chose rather to make it the abode of freedom, peace and refinement; with talents of a distinguished order for the camp, he never exercised them save when protecting the dignity and liberty of the Republic. Had he been as subtle and ambitious as he was profound and powerful in the cabinet, he might have spread the territories of Florence to the boundaries of Italy; but with a magnanimity which meets few rivals on the page of history, he chose justice rather than empire, and the elevation of his race in learning and virtue. The Governor of a small and inconsiderable province, he yet ruled with imperial power, the policy of Italy; and by the influence of his name, made the advocates of the doctrine, that "might confers right," cower before, the brightness and purity of his character.

In whatever light we may consider this parent of the most brilliant Pontiff that has filled the chair of Rome since St. Peter, we must be struck with the greatness of his character, and acknowledge that history has few parallels of such virtuous exercise of authority, and none of such devoted attachment to arts and letters and munificent rewards to genius. His glory was to be surrounded by men of learning, and, even in the last hour of his earthly existence, he summoned Politiano and Pico of Mirandula, to his couch, to express his regret that he had been unable to complete all his schemes for the advancement of literature. When he died, in 1492, his deepest consolation was, that the spirit of the Medici had descended to his sons Piero and Giovanni;



and that under them, the prayer of his last hour would be consummated. But at his death the lustre of the Medici was dimmed in Florence, to ascend with still higher splendour at the Court of Rome, in a few years subsequent. The Florentines saw the portent of the change that was destined to come over the State in the omens that attended his death. It is related that the dome of the Church of St. Raparata, the scene of Giuliano's assassination, was struck by lightning; the golden balls in the emblazonment of the Medician arms, were struck out, and for three nights succeeding his death, gleams of light were seen ascending from Fiesole, the seat of his intellectual leisure, and hovering above the spire of St. Lorenzo, where the bodies of his great ancestors were deposited. Whether such shadows of the events that followed, were seen or not, it is certain that the death of Lorenzo, broke the magic of the name of Medici; and that faction, in its dead-like aspect, assailed the government of his son Piero. He aimed at an alliance with France, in hopes of strengthening his power; but the proud spirit of Florence, fostered by his father, would not brook such a barter of their independence. Such appeals to the populace by the hereditary enemies of the Medici, occasioned their expulsion from the city their ancestors had enriched with the priceless treasures of mind. The great principles that had given Lorenzo the mastery over the policy of Italy, were abandoned; and Tuscany, together with most of the free States, sank into the government of proud and irresponsible oligarchies. Their retrocession from the doctrines which Lorenzo had thrown up as a shield to public liberty, left the free commonwealths of the continent the prey to factious violence; and Flor-

ence with the rest, paid the penalty of departing from his enlightened and liberal policy. The political history of Italy from that time to the present hour, presents a mournful spectacle of the feeble struggles of the people against the aristocracy. The rival families in the different commonwealths of Florence, Venice, Milan and Genoa, contended with the spirit of demons for the ascendancy—content to march over the ruins of their country, if its desert would acknowledge them its Lord. They at last fell, as falls the independence of every country, which asks the aid of a stronger power without. The imperial eagles of Austria hovered on its border, and when Italy—wrenched from its foundations by civil anarchy, appealed to her for assistance, she came to serve, but remained to destroy. A sequel repetition of that foul policy which governed England, when, bleeding and prostrate, the rival factions of Ireland appealed to the magnanimity and justice of Henry the II, but in return, received his yoke.

Piero, in an attempt to regain his power, was defeated, and fled in disgrace, but while in exile and on the eve of death, he appealed to his defeated countrymen in the name of his father's virtues, as if his memory should appease their wrath against his unfortunate son. With the genius and taste for poetry, which seemed the inheritance of the family, he addressed a long and beautiful latin poem to the Florentines, in which occur, these lines, full of the eloquence of despair and sorrow :

“ But if my fondness scorned, my prayer  
denied;  
Death only brings the period of my  
woes.  
Yet one dear hope, shall mitigate my  
doom,  
If then my father's name was once thy  
pride,

Let my cold ashes find at last repose  
Safe in the shelter of his honored  
tomb.

But the star of the Medici, again rose in more than its original splendour, under the young Giovanni, who standing upon the turrets of the great palace of the Medici, looked down upon Florence, and saw there the memorials of his father's greatness, in her hundred temples of learning, and the monuments which rose toward heaven in memory of those who had shed glory upon the Tuscan State. With these incentives, gathered from a contemplation of the power and virtue of his ancestor, he determined once more to behold the golden balls of the Medici flashing in the sun-light of Florence. The plans he laid for the restoration of his family, prevailed; and they again entered that city in triumph and assumed its government with a firmer reign than it had known since the days of the powerful Pitti. But Giovanni De Medici was soon called to a more elevated and important mission than the government of Florence. His high and virtuous qualities, and the great promise he gave of remarkable powers of intellect at an early age, procured for him a place in the sacred College, and the cap of its sanctified order, long before his father Lorenzo would permit him to assume the functions of that holy office. While employed in building anew, the foundations of his family's power in Florence, he was called by the voice of the sacred College, to the head of the christian Church, and he received the tiara of the Papal throne, under the title of Leo the X.

Under him opened an epoch, more brilliant than Europe had yet known. It may justly be termed the reign of letters, science and taste. Rome, during his pontificate, was the garden of genius, and its products

shed over that age an effulgence of splendor which no time, ancient or modern, has rivalled. It was the seat of religion, science and literature, and the worshippers of the various shrines congregated within its honored walls, and contributed to its brilliance. Leo, with the immense wealth of his family, brought to Rome all that could add splendor to the papal court, and dispensed his private opulence in pensioning all whose genius merited his patronage. What Florence had been, during the life of Lorenzo, Rome was, during the pontificate of his son. Out of the same elements of discord, he produced peace, and under its blessings established the empire of letters. When he ascended the papal chair, Italy was convulsed with war. The old commonwealths were suffering the struggles which precede dissolution, and the few who clung to the ghost of their former freedom, did it with a boldness and resolution, that made Italy tremble with the conflict. Torn and tottering under these feuds, the power of Rome, directed by the great mind of Leo, was interposed to calm the turbulence of the State; and Italy was once more brought back to union and resolution against a common foe. The Turks reeking with the blood of the slaughtered Greeks, and drunk with their triumph over that noble people, were pushing their conquest into Italy. But the stern barriers which the policy and power of Leo presented to their progress, drove them back to riot in the despoiled Constantinople. France, with an ambition bounded by no limits of territory or people, sought to bring Italy within its fold, but her machinations were met and prostrated by the profound wisdom of Leo De Medici. It was thus he laid the foundation of that long peace, which left to the mind of Italy no employment but the pur-



suit of letters, and no ambition but to rival the world in the products of intellect. Leo was the pulse of that brilliant age, and impressed his name upon the genius of his country, in characters of ineffaceable glory.

During that age and the next century, the members of the House of Medici bore a ruling influence in nearly every Court of Europe, and wherever they appeared, taste, refinement and literature received a quickening impulse. In the midst of the appalling struggles between the revolting Huguenots and the Regal House of France, under Henry III., Catherine De Medici, the partner of his throne, redeemed the gloom of the fierce conflict, by her beauty and accomplishments, and by her talents did more to save France from the universal deluge of heresy than the King himself. The family gave three Popes to the Church of Rome, all eminent for their munificent support of learning, and during the pontificate of Clement VII., the members of his house were the rivals of the poets and the painters of the age.

If we turn to history and ask at what period the family shed the lustre of their genius upon mankind, and opened the springs of science and art, we shall be answered that it was during the *dark ages*. That it was in the hour of papal supremacy, when the power of Rome wrapped the world in a pall of ignorance, and placed a ban upon free thought and human progress. When it was treason to push away the cobwebs of the past, and look into the clear sunlight of the future. That it was that dark boundary between popish superstition and gloom, and the rush of reforming light upon the world. But we must rip from the front of honest and truthful history the black robe which bigotry has flung around it, and we then may find

reason to bow in homage to that mighty influence which rescued Europe from the fate of Asia. Instead of the pall which, it is said, the Church of Rome threw over the human mind, we shall find its genius a robe of luminous purity and beauty, guarding and ennobling the deep and pure springs of knowledge; instead of a ban upon free thought, we shall find it purifying and elevating its profoundest researches, and clothing with dignity and honors, him who discovered the bright ore of truth, and in the mental crucible, separated it from the dross. Instead of denouncing as traitor, him who pushed forward on the path of science and art, we shall find his every step lighted by the cross, and his every triumph crowned with the laurels of Rome. When we attempt to find the period at which popish gloom was pierced and scattered by the light of reformation, we shall find a faint torch confronting the great luminary of science and letters, and those who fed that flickering taper, boasting the light it shed upon human reason.

The tombs of the great Medici, wrought by the genius of Angelo, rise in accusing majesty against the libels poured upon that age. The inexhaustible treasures of the Vatican and the Laurenci, gathered and deposited there as a legacy to after ages, are eloquent in their silence at this ungrateful stigma upon their preservers. Italy, from its humblest village to its proudest city, is covered over with the highest proofs of the beneficent genius of the church and the glory of the Medici. And those vast stores of ancient literature which she bore from the smoke and flames of barbaric conquests, will reach the remotest span of time, a monument of her fame. It may be said that the age of the Medici is a bright interval in the history of the church, but although their star arose upon Europe with uncommon splendor

and continued for centuries to radiate its light ; that before them all others "paled their effectual fires,"—yet theirs was the age in which rose the lurid comet of Reformation. When the Medici were pouring a refulgent flood of intellectual light upon the world, sprang forth that race of men who aimed at her immolation on the altar of the passions. In that mad ambition to rend asunder the links which bound the truth of the past, with the progressive discoveries of the future, they trampled out the great watch-fires which the church had kindled on the ramparts of civilization. They heaped contumely and execration upon its venerable and sanctified preserver, but upon the same sublime elevation that she had withstood the assault of the Vandal and the Turk, she bore the conflict and emerged from the struggle as pure and bright as when the cross was first impressed upon her brow—not one bright gem fallen from her coronet, or one divine truth extinguished in the effort to preserve them all.

I have selected the age of the Medici as one of the greatest in the history of the church, and perhaps it may be said, of the world. Independent of the unexampled instance they present, of a family, moving through three centuries, the ornament and glory of each, they were

the noblest benefactors to genius and civilization of any and all ages that have preceded us. Their history and their works are a part of the opulent treasury of fame which belongs to the Catholic Church. They rose under her influence, and for a hundred years guided her destinies ; they poured into her lap the streams of science and letters which they had started, and at her altar worshipped the Parent of religion and civilization ; and their names go down to posterity, intertwined in the wreath that adorns the tomb of ages, in which the church was the sole light of literature and philosophy.

That same great principle which preserved the ark of religion and knowledge through the flood and ebb, the storm and calm of sixteen centuries, is as potent now as in the palmiest hour of her splendor. Her fold is now what it was then, the home of learning and the refuge of science ; the dispenser of light and the nurse of genius ; the guardian of religion and the teacher of the only sublime and truthful philosophy which stands upon the revelations of God, and reaches the throne of heaven. Through the wreck of ages she is the lone survivor, and comes down to us spotless from the crimson flood that has dashed at her feet, from the fall of Rome to the frenzy of France.

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FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

*Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

## FERIA TERTIA—AT VESPERS.

*Hominis supreme Conditor.*

## I.

Supreme Creator of mankind,  
Whose power alone all things ordains,  
Who bids't the obedient earth produce  
The wild beast of the woods, and reptile of  
[the plains.

## II.

And the great bodies which thy nod,  
Hath ordered through creation roll,  
At certain stated times are made  
Obedient to thy servants' wishes and  
[control.

## III.

Oh ! banish all concupiscence ;  
From it be all our morals free ;  
Which would resistlessly impel  
Its victims headlong on ; and pure our  
[actions be !

## IV.

Grant us the guerdon of true joy,  
Grant us the gift of heavenly grace ;  
Fell discord's chain asunder burst,  
More closely and more strongly knit the  
[bonds of peace.

## V.

This favor graciously bestow,  
Eternal Father, only Son,  
And holy Paraclete, who live,  
And reign, perpetually, together three in  
[one.

## SABBATO.—AT VESPERS.

*Jam Sol recedit igneus.*

## I.

The fiery sun is setting now ;  
Thou Light perennial—Unity divine,  
And blessed Trinity, bestow  
Upon our hearts the light they need below.

## II.

We hail thee with our morning prayer,  
The closing evening hears our fervent  
[hymn,  
Turn on them now a gracious ear,  
And may we praise thee 'mongst the sera-  
[phim.

## III.

Unto the Eternal Father's name,  
And to the Son, let endless glory be,  
And to the holy Paraclete the same ;  
Who live and reign through all eternity.

## AL COMPLIN.

*Te lucis ante terminum.*

## I.

While lingers yet the dying day,  
Creator of the World, we pray,  
Thy mercy graciously extend,  
Protect us, guide us, and defend.

## II.

Let empty dreams be put to flight,  
Banish the phantoms of the night,  
Our darkly enemy restrain,  
And keep our bodies pure from stain,

## III.

O ! grant this favor, we entreat,  
Father, and Son, and Paraclete,  
Who live and reign both one and three,  
Now and for all eternity.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## VOLTAIRE'S LIFE, LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND MORAL.

BY M. LEPAN.

VOLTAIRE had said that he would succeed in destroying the Catholic religion; this was ever the end of his works, the object of his most anxious, earnest desires. He had formed a kind of Association to effect this his darling scheme, and the letters he addressed to his intimate friends, he concluded thus, "Let us crush the wretch. Let us crush the wretch." He wrote to Damilaville on the 26th July, 1762; "I end all my letters with '*Crush the wretch*,' like Cato, who always said, '*Let Carthage be destroyed, such is my advice*.'"

It is evident that Voltaire's meaning of the word "wretch" is to be understood as having reference to the destruction of religion. A number of passages in his correspondence with D'Alembert and others furnish evidences of this.

Voltaire endeavored constantly to promote the execution of his projects, by calling upon the whole of those who styled themselves "philosophers," to assist him in his undertaking.

"Can it be possible," he exclaimed, "that for forty years France has been infected by the ecclesiastical gazette, and that five or six honest and united people, have not thought of advocating the side of reason? Why do its worshippers remain so silent and fearful? They do not know their strength. What is there to prevent their having a small press at their house, whereby they might publish brief and useful works, of which their friends might be the sole depo-

sitories? He thought the "Encyclopedia," the best vehicle for the plan he had in view.

He wrote to Damilaville the twentythird of May, 1764. "I certainly do feel an interest towards a good play, but I should prefer a good philosophical work, which would *crush the wretch*: I place all my hopes upon the 'Encyclopedia.'\*" It was these hopes which caused Vol-

\* Letter to Helvitius, March 30, 1763.

† Yet Voltaire considered this work as a 'collection of trash,' and he also said of it, that, 'the Encyclopedia was built, half of mud, and half of marble' (a) D'Alembert says of it, 'that it is a harlequin's dress, where a few pieces of good material may be found, among too many rags.' (b) Diderot, the principal editor of the work, expresses himself as follows: "The imperfection of this work originated from a variety of circumstances. The time was too limited to allow of being particular as to the contributors. Among them were a few excellent men, others were indifferently, while some were altogether bad. Hence the patchwork appearance of the work. A pupil's sketch is to be found next to the production of a master; nonsense is placed near sublimity. Some of the writers wrote gratuitously, and soon lost the zeal they had at first; others whom we paid but ill, gave us the worth of our money. The Encyclopedia was an abyss, where these 'chiffoniers' promiscuously threw a multitude of their ill-judged, ill-digested, good, bad, detestable, true, false, uncertain things, always incoherent and inappropriate, &c., &c. After such an acknowledgement on the part of the chief contributors to the work, what are we to think of this immense collection?"

(a) Voltaire's letter to Count d'Argental, March 12, 1758.

(b) Extract from his letter to Voltaire, February 22, 1770.



taire to feel grieved when he perused what was said in the *Encyclopedia* upon Bayle. Under the heading of 'dictionary' he wrote, 'I have read with horror what you say in relation to Bayle: 'happy would it have been if he had respected religion and morality.' 'Ah how sad you have made me feel!' His friend answered: If you wish to quarrel with me in relation to Bayle's Dictionary . . . . Why, every body in this cursed country knows, that these are only words such as lawyers use, and which are only used as stepping-stones to those truths to be hereafter established.\*\*

Voltaire had already complained of the article on Hell: D'Alembert answered him on the 21st July, 1757, 'There are other articles which are not so conspicuous, where all is mended,'\*

D'Alembert, who was the most ardent of all Voltaire's associates, placed much dependence on the infernal *Encyclopedia*. We have an evidence of this in the following, written by him the 4th May, 1762:— 'Crush the wretch, you write me incessantly; oh my God, let it precipitate itself. It is rushing faster to its destruction, that you are aware of. Do you know what Astruc\*\*

\*\*\* Error and impiety have been artfully insinuated in the articles contained in this voluminous work, and that, too, where it was the least expected,—in those sections devoted to history, physiology, and even in that appropriated to chemistry and geography, which would not have been deemed dangerous subjects.

The reader is favored with a few truths on the subject of religion, but in order to destroy the good effect of these, he is referred to notes of a very different character. We will only give an instance of this in the article which treats of God. Some very correct views will be found, together with the physical and metaphysical demonstrations of His existence. At the close of the article, the reader is referred to the word 'Demonstration': in this article, the force of the metaphysical and physical proofs of the existence of God, which the article on

says? 'It is not the Jansenists who are killing the Jesuits, it is the *Encyclopedia*.' There might be some truth in this, for the rogue of Astruc is like Pasquin; he sometimes speaks tolerably good sense.

For myself, every thing appears 'couleur de rose' now; I see, in perspective, the Jansenists dying their natural death next year, after having caused the Jesuits to die a violent death; toleration established, the priests married, confession abolished, and the 'wretch' crushed, without any one's being aware of it.

The suppression of the Society of Jesus really took place three months afterward. The French Parliament issued an ordinance on the 22d of February, 1764, whereby those Jesuits who remained in France, were obliged to take an oath, the first article of which was, that none should live under the statutes of their institute and the constitution of their society, either separately or in communities. Almost all preferred exile to these requirements. When they were on the eve of departing, D'Alembert wrote to Voltaire:— 'They are now packing up to leave, rather than subscribe the oath; *It is really a melting sight*. . . . I have penned a few simple reflections for my own amusement, upon the trouble in which the Jesuits now find themselves, between the King and their superior, . . . . . But I am so glad to witness their departure, that I shall take special care not to pull them by the sleeve, lest that should detain them: if, therefore, I have the reflections above alluded to printed, it shall

God contained, are made to vanish and disappear.—' Extract from the Abbé Barruel's *Memoires, pour servir à l'histoire du Jacobinisme*?

\* What can be more confirmatory of the truth of the Abbé Barruel's remark?

\*\* He was the physician of Louis XV, and the author of "the Dissertation upon the immateriality and immortality of the soul".

only be when they (the Jesuits) have reached their destined haven, in order to *ridicule them*; for you know that there is nothing better than to *ridicule every thing*. There is another reason which makes me wish to see them leave: it is because the last Jesuit that will leave the kingdom, will drag after him in the same stage, the very last Jansenist; so that on the following day, people will say 'the ex-so-called Jesuits'.

The worst will then be over when philosophy shall be rid of the grenadiers of fanaticism and intolerance, the others being merely cossacks, and Pandours, who will not be able to withstand our regular troops.\*

To convince the reader of Voltaire's frequent disavowals of his writings, we will merely cite the following, which was written by him to d'Alembert, September 19, 1764, in relation to his 'philosophical dictionary.'

Whenever there is the slightest danger, I earnestly beg of you to inform me of it, in order that *I may deny the work in all the newspapers, with my usual candor and innocence*†.

It is true that he did not have one hundred thousand men at his command; if he had had them, he would not have disavowed any of his works. Witness what he said of Frederic of Prussia. . . . "He disavows his works; he has them printed different from what they were: this is mean, when one *has one hundred thousand men*.\*

Voltaire lost no opportunity which presented itself, to attack religion. It is presumeable that this was his

motive for taking upon himself the defence of Calas, and of Sirven.

His partizans attribute his extraordinary efforts in behalf of these families to his humanity, but it is very easy to see that he defended them, merely on the ground of their being Protestants, and also because the heads of these families had been condemned for crimes, which their aversion to Catholicism had originated. Calas was a Protestant, and was sentenced to death by the Parliament of Toulouse, and executed, for having strangled his son Mark Anthony, because the latter professed the Catholic religion privately, and was desirous of embracing it openly.

Sirven was a Calvinist, a resident of Castres, and was sentenced to death by the judges of the city of Mazamet, on the ground of having drowned his daughter, and under the impression that she would take the veil, in a convent, where she had been placed. Sirven escaped punishment and fled with his family. Voltaire received them in his castle. It is not our province to express an opinion, whether the condemnation of Calas and Sirven was just or unjust, their rehabilitation speaks in their favor, unless indeed, this be imputed to the influence of those powers whom Voltaire managed to interest in their behalf. We think, however, that we may be permitted to remark, that their rehabilitation has been at once fraught with happiness to their families, while it has been a public misfortune for the nations of Europe. This subject was long used in agitating society, and perhaps prepared the way for those evils, which overwhelmed the people during twenty-five years.

Voltaire's intention was decidedly unequivocal, when we read his letter to Damilaville, written in December, 1762. "It is impossible that the Council should not order a revision of the sentence, *this will be a great*

The Society of Jesus was founded in 1536, by St. Ignatius Loyola, its members were expelled from Venice in 1606, from France in 1764, from Spain and Naples in 1768, and were totally suppressed by Pope Clement XIV in 1773. They were re-established in Germany and Russia, by a brief of Pope Pius VII, dated March 7, 1801, and throughout the Christian world, by a bull of the same Pontiff, given the 7th August, 1814.

† Letter to d'Alembert, April 25, 1760.



*blow to fanaticism*, (the reader will recollect that this word was synonymous with religion, when used by our author,) could we not avail ourselves of it? Will not the heads of this hydra be cut off?"

The 5th March of the following year, he wrote to the same, "I always flatter myself that the affair of Calas will be of infinite service to human reason, and as much evil to the wretch." Afterwards, when his efforts had been crowned with success, he wrote as follows to Desbordes, on the 23d March, 1763: "It is true that the Justification of Calas, has afforded much real joy; this occurrence may disarm fanaticism, or, at least, blunt its weapons. It has cost years of toil and trouble to gain this victory." He wrote to Damilaville two years after: "Success must attend the Sirven business, as well as that of Calas. It would be criminal to lose the chance to *render fanaticism execrable*."\*

It is evident from these and other passages in his correspondence, that humanity was not the motive which animated him, but that he was actuated solely by his hatred against religion. Will any one believe, that it was through motives of humanity, that, after having obtained the rehabilitation of the family of Calas, to whom Louis XV bestowed much property, Voltaire, who was anxious, to perpetuate this unfortunate business, in the minds of the people, had a picture of young Calas painted by Hubert, a celebrated artist of Geneva, at the door of the prison, in the act of soliciting the Counsellor de la Tournelle. Voltaire sent the design he had himself made to Damilaville, with the request that, the painter would make *DONATUS* (the name of the young Calas) "as pretty looking as possible."\*

Was it not from a spirit of hatred against religion, that Voltaire wrote the following to *HELVETIUS*? "We have need of a work, which would show how far the morality of true philosophers is superior to that of christianity: this undertaking is worthy of you, and to Count D'Argental. "You must endeavor to obtain the peace of Geneva, like that of Westphalia, at the *expense of the church*."†

Towards the close of 1765, Voltaire wrote a letter to Frederic of Prussia, in which he suggested the propriety of the establishment of a small colony of French Philosophers at Clevec, where they might speak the truth with freedom, *without dread of Ministers of State, priests or Parliament*." He asked the use of a house near Cleves, for this purpose.‡

Frederic's answer was as follows: "The house you allude to has been ruined by the French. This will not, however, prevent the establishment of your colony; and I believe that the easiest way would be, that those people should send some trustworthy person to Cleves, to see what would be most suitable for them, and also, what I could do in their behalf." Voltaire renewed his solicitations for the colony, the ensuing year, and Frederic wrote, "I can grant all they ask, excepting firewood, for their countrymen nearly destroyed all the firewood in the neighboring forests, during their sojourn here—provided, however, that they spare those who ought to be spared, and that they should observe the rules of decency in their printed productions." It must be acknowledged that this was a somewhat singular advice to philosophers, but Frederic was well acquainted with their *philosophy*.

† Letters of the 26th June, 1765, and 11th January, 1766.

‡ October, 24, 1765.

¶ August 7, 1776.

‡ April 29, 1765.

\* Letter to Damilaville, 20th May, 1765.

## HORÆ VAGABUNDÆ, OR HOURS OF TRAVEL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

## THE CHAPEL OF MOUNT MELLERAY.

AFTER spending some time with us in affable and agreeable conversation, the abbot directed the brother to show us the chapel belonging to the order. The exterior of this house of God is quite imposing; its size is considerable, its style gothic. The spire is high and graceful, pointing up, in the midst of this solitude, like some cheering beacon, in the gloomy waste, to the approving sun of heaven. The interior is grand and elegant. The altar and sanctuary are imposing and spacious. The abbot's chair, like the episcopal throne, stands on the side; in which, arrayed with mitre and crozier, that venerable dignitary is privileged to officiate and preside. Over the altar, in appropriate niches, are reared two well-wrought statues of saints, the productions of the inmates of the monastery: thus displaying to the stranger's admiration, not only virtues and rigor of the highest and most exemplary nature, but likewise art and taste, and industry, which make him understand something, at least, of the merit—the incomparable merit—of the monks of old, whose time, and talents, and beings were entirely devoted to the transcribing of sacred and classic works, the erection and adorning of admirable edifices of religion and charity, and the perpetuation of the arts and sciences which would otherwise have been crushed and destroyed beneath the iron hoofs of barbarism, or sunk and lost in the

impenetrable clouds of ignorance, from which the light of modern civilization never could have rescued them again.

The choir is large and well arranged, according to the ancient style, for the solemn exercises of the monks. Another compartment, and the gallery at the extreme end of the chapel, are intended for the accommodation of the laity who wish to attend divine service, or hear a sermon. For, these saintly men, if they do not break the perpetual silence that prevails among themselves, do not fail to speak, on Sundays and festivals, from the pulpit—proclaiming the word of God, which proceeds, with infinite effect from lips that are sealed to every other language, and from hearts, in the depths of which there reigns the mysterious stillness of the 'eternal things.'

## THE MONASTERY.

The monastery is a comfortable building, and when finished, will be quite spacious. The cells of the monastery are extremely small. Their beds are hard boards covered with a few blankets, without sheets or pillows: and they are separated from one another only by plain curtains. Over each cell the name of the occupant is written. That of **BROTHER BENEDICT**, an old acquaintance, arrested particularly my attention. In the dormitory silence is considered so rigidly necessary, that no dis-



pensation is ever granted to a monk to converse there with a stranger whom he may, with permission, be conducting through the establishment. The same rigor is enforced, likewise, in the chapel.

The out-houses and work-shops are neat and well built. Here all sorts of trades are carried on by the members of the community. Some are engaged as blacksmiths. There, how the bellows is blowing, and the anvil is sounding under the strokes of the hammer. Others are wheel-wrights, lo! the industrious brothers repairing the broken cart. Others again, are painters—see how they ply the brush. Some are farmers. They are clearing the ground, manuring the soil, planting trees, and taking in the harvest. Some, in fine, are laborers—carrying burdens on their shoulders, keeping the roads in order, and discharging every menial occupation. And do not imagine that all of these humble and industrious monks have been brought up to manual labor. No, amongst them are clergymen, raised from their cradles, in a delicate manner. And there are some, even, who were born and nurtured in the lap of luxury. Among them, one was especially pointed out to me, as he past me by, bearing a heavy piece of timber on his back. ‘You observe that monk,’ remarked our excellent guide; he is a French nobleman, who, having forsaken a large fortune and all the pleasures of the fashionable world, has retired into this solitude, and presents to all his brethren an example of piety, self-abnegation, penance, and fervor, which are the admiration of the whole community.

After having visited every part of the monastery, and rambled over the grounds, we returned to the ‘speak-room,’ where we found laid out before us a table, containing refreshments—wine, cakes, fruit, &c. The abbot remained with us while we partook

of this primitive hospitality. We had also, in our company, the Rev. Mr. Walsh, then a postulant for reception into the order, and formerly Pastor of St. James’ Church, Brooklyn. I should be guilty of a great oversight to neglect to state, that we were shown some rooms intended for strangers; particularly clergymen, who are in the habit of making retreats in this congenial solitude. Those rooms are extremely comfortable, having necessary accommodations: and they are open at all times, to the pious visitor who may desire to spend some time in silence and sequestration, amid these lonely haunts of religion and fervor.

We have now performed our pilgrimage to this holy place, and memory must lose its faculty ere the impression made on my soul shall be erased. The abbot gave me his blessing—and affectionately bade me farewell. “Farewell, thou venerable Father of La Trappe! thine is the destiny of no ordinary man. In thee is exemplified the glorious history of the ancient abbot, and the chain of tradition which thou holdest in thy hand, ascends up to the era of the Pauls and the Anthonys. Thou art, indeed, of the present, but in thee is embodied the spirit of the past. And when I shall think of thy person, and the scenery in which it first presented itself to my eyes, it will appear as though a vision had burst upon me: a vision of the desert—a spirit of the days of ancient saints! May I profit by the example I have seen; and may thy benediction follow me over the Atlantic waste, back to the western climes, from which I came. Venerable abbot, farewell.”

#### RETURN TO LISMORE.

We quit—and with the most solemn feelings—the grounds of Mount Melleray. As our carriage rattled onward, my eye seemed to long to

linger on the scene that was melting in the distance. It was a pleasant afternoon, and never did I enjoy a drive more agreeably than this—listening, as I proceeded, to the solid conversation and instructive remarks of my reverend companion, and the sparkling and amusing wit of young M. P. Again the town of Lismore salutes my sight. It is near sun-set: the spire of the Catholic chapel rises high and bright—while the old grey battlements of the castle, and the massy turrets of the ancient cathedral reflect the dying beams—which play on them now as they once did, in by-gone ages, when one was the abode of holy monks, and the other the sanctuary of the religion of sacrifice and truth. In good season we reached the hotel, and with a keen appetite we dined on fresh salmon, taken in the waters of the Black River.

Hark! the horn is sounding on the quiet air. What does it mean? It is the mail coach arriving. It stops at the door. There is much noise. I hear the voices of many persons. The approach of the mail awoke me from slumbers. It is a wet morning. The rain is falling in torrents. The morning is shrouded in gloom. I cast my eye from the window, and see the coach in a drenched condition. The passengers, most of them having outside seats, are wet through and through. The horses stand with their heads drooping, and their hides smoking, as though they had just forded some stream. The delay was, however, short: again the horn resounds,—shrilly and frequently—all hurry to resume their seats. The driver mounts his box, the whip cracks aloud, the horses prick up their ears, and off rapidly and thunderingly, the coach is whirled down the sloping road, over the bridge, into a cluster of forest trees, and disappear. I know not whether there was any

thing unsympathetic in the feeling that involuntarily arose in my bosom, viz. that I would rather be here just now, than among the travellers in that coach, on this most disagreeable morning. And, of course, I flattered myself as we had before many hours to start, that the rain would be over, and fine weather would return.

#### A CLERICAL BREAKFAST.

Our first visit, this morning, was to the chapel: and after mass, we were kindly received in his handsome and comfortable lodgings, by the excellent Dean Fogarty. With this gentleman I was peculiarly pleased. He is a priest in manner and person; takes a lively interest in American affairs; and reads several of our catholic journals, so that, on every important subject connected with our ecclesiastical movements, he appeared well acquainted. His dwelling, a modern two story brick house, furnished in the best style, was erected by the liberality of the Duke of Devonshire, for the exclusive use of the parish priest of Lismore. This nobleman, though not a resident in Ireland, is deservedly a favorite among his tenantry. He reposes unbounded confidence in the Dean, and does not grind the poor, like too many other landlords of the country. Attached to the dwelling is an extensive and beautiful garden, laid out in a picturesque and fanciful manner, and filled, at once, with the decorative and the substantial. We were ushered into the Dean's dining room—where the table was spread with every good thing—and we sat down to breakfast, after which I returned into the chapel, for the purpose of examining it still more minutely. It is a large edifice, and completely finished both externally, and internally. I was particularly struck with its neatness and cleanliness. The sacristy is remarkably



commodious and proper. The altar and sanctuary in good taste. And the grounds, as is generally the custom here, are enclosed within a high and elegant railing. The whole is imposing and *comme il faut*.

#### CASTLE OF LISMORE.

Truly grand and venerable is this ancient castle, standing on the banks of the river, with its battlements over-topping the tall trees which grow up from the precipitous ravine beneath. I am carried back to days of chivalry and catholicism, when I gaze upon this splendid monument. The situation is enchanting. The river flows in a circuitous stream, along a lovely valley, the fertile sides of which are fringed with groves, and carpeted with luxuriant verdure. To indulge in the fairy scenery of this view on a sun-bright day, is a pleasure as exquisite as it is rare. The peasant women are washing on the gravelled banks, birds are fluttering and sporting over the limpid waves, and cattle and sheep are luxuriating on the thick grass.

We were accompanied to the castle, by our very reverend guide, the Dean; we entered the massy walls, along a smooth and elegant road, which is kept in the finest order; and which constitutes, in my consideration, one half of the charm of the demesne. Such roads are unknown to us. Our country has not yet reached that mature era of cultivation and adornment, which we contemplate in this. I love those long broad alleys extending for miles from the lodges up to the mansions themselves, shaded with thickly-planted and aged trees, pebbled and clean, running now through vast level lawns, sweeping round some silvery lake, and varied and decorated here and there with Fauns, Sa-

tyrs, and Priapi—and I have seen them in as much perfection in some parts of Ireland, as even in England itself.

Through the influence of the Dean, we were permitted to enter the castle, and view all its apartments. They are luxuriously and richly furnished—but where is the lord? This question contains a mighty idea. Although the Duke of Devonshire is one of the best landlords in this country, still he is an absentee. His majestic castle is untenanted, the vast demesnes see not their proprietor more frequently, perhaps, than once in the year—and then he dwells beneath these turretted roofs only as long as his presence is requisite for the promotion of his interests. The idea of these immensely wealthy noblemen, deriving that immense wealth from a land they have forsaken, and spending it in another land so rich of itself, is revolting to common justice. Why are not these vast desmenes in the possession of the inhabitants of the soil, who would spend their hours at home, and scatter comfort and happiness throughout the neighborhood. Until that shall be the case, Ireland will always remain an opprest and impoverished island.

To the catholic mind, associations of the most melancholy nature unite in connexion with this lofty castle. It was once the habitation, as it was the property, of the monks of old. In fact the town of Lismore is said to have been, at one period, almost composed of monastic offices, of which this castle was the principal. But those catholic times have past away; and the property of the church has been confiscated in order to enrich the posterity of those apostate families which, at the Reformation, preferred mammon to the treasure of their Faith.

## PASTORAL LETTER

OF THE MOST REV., THE ARCHBISHOP, AND THE RIGHT REV., THE BISHOPS,  
OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,  
ASSEMBLED IN PROVINCIAL COUNCIL AT BALTIMORE, IN MAY, 1843, TO  
THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THEIR CHARGE.

*Venerable Brethren of the Clergy and Beloved Brethren of the Laity :*

*Grace to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.*

ENCOURAGED by the assurance of the Divine Redeemer: "Where there are two or three gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them;" we have assembled in council, according to the most ancient practice of the Church, and having humbly invoked the Holy Ghost, we have deliberated on various matters appertaining to the good order of ecclesiastical affairs, and the advancement of piety. Before separating we feel impelled to address you, with a view to impart to you some spiritual grace to strengthen you, and stir you up by admonition to labor the more, that by good works you may make sure your vocation and election. We can add nothing to the divine deposit of revelation committed to the special guardianship of Peter and the other apostles, and preserved in the Church of God, which is the pillar and ground of truth; nor dare we take away an iota from it; but it is our duty to exhort you to stand fast in faith, and to beware, lest, being led away from the error of the unwise, you fall from your own steadfastness. God requires you to captivate every understanding in obedience to Christ, and not to be wise more than it behoveth to be wise; but to be wise to sobriety. The pride of man is always ready

to revolt against the truth of God. Confidence in the strength of our intellectual faculties, leads us to scan the depth of heavenly mysteries, and investigate the works of God; but he that is a searcher of majesty shall be overwhelmed with glory. The homage of humble faith is required of us, when evidence is presented of the fact of divine revelation, and we must adore all that God reveals, however it surpass our comprehension. Of all the errors that assail divine truth, the most dangerous, because the most insidious, is that which appears to respect it, while it holds it in question, as if it were impossible to ascertain it with certainty. It were unworthy of God to have made a revelation, and left it without such marks of its origin as would satisfy the sincere inquirer, acting under divine influence; and it is absurd to suppose that we can with impunity reject any thing of which we have evidence that God is its author. There is one Lord, one faith, one baptism. Without faith it is impossible to please God. Beware then, brethren, of preferring in the least point the dictates of your erring reason to the truth, wisdom, and authority of the Most High.

It is your duty to make public profession of the faith whenever the



divine honor, or the edification of your neighbor is in question, for "with the heart we believe unto justice, but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Public worship and private devotion must be regulated by the revealed law of God, as declared by his Church; for God must be worshipped in spirit and truth. You should, therefore, never make acts of religion mere matters of courtesy, wherein the good pleasure of your fellow-men might be regarded rather than the sovereign will of God. It is on this account, and to avoid all participation in error, that the Church commands her children not to communicate in spiritual things with those who are out of her fold. It has nevertheless come to our knowledge that the consciences of many independent situations are aggrieved by vexatious measures adopted to coerce them into conformity, under the penalty of wanting bread, and that in various public institutions attendance at Protestant worship is in many instances exacted of Catholics, notwithstanding the liberty of conscience which is guaranteed by the constitution to all citizens. We are aware that mere considerations of order have induced this custom, but as it is repugnant to the genius of our institutions, as well as to the spirit of our religion, we trust that the proper authorities, on respectful remonstrance, will afford relief to afflicted consciences.

The transmission of faith to their children was a special object of the solicitude of our fathers: for which they thought no sacrifice too great. It must be your care, brethren, to let the precious inheritance descend without diminution. You must, therefore, use all diligence, that your children be instructed at an early age in the saving truths of religion, and be preserved from the contagion of error. We have seen with serious alarm, efforts made to poison the

fountains of public education, by giving it a sectarian hue, and accustoming children to the use of a version of the Bible made under sectarian bias, and placing in their hands books of various kinds replete with offensive and dangerous matter. This is plainly opposed to the free genius of our civil institutions. We admonish parents of the awful account they must give at the divine tribunal, should their children, by their neglect or connivance, be imbued with false principles, and led away from the path of salvation. Parents are strictly bound, like faithful Abraham, to teach their children the truths which God has revealed; and if they suffer them to be led astray, the souls of the children will be required at their hands. Let them, therefore, avail themselves of their natural rights, guaranteed by the laws, and see that no interference with the faith of their children be used in the public schools, and no attempt made to induce conformity in any thing contrary to the laws of the Catholic Church.

We would have you, brethren, most condescending in every thing that principle and duty will allow, in order the more effectually to cement together, and unite all classes of citizens in mutual affection. Yet we cannot dissemble that faith and morals are exposed and endangered by objectionable associations. All societies are to be shunned by whatsoever name they may be called, the objects thereof are not distinctly declared, and wherein the solemnity of an oath, or any corresponding engagement, is employed to veil the ends of the association, or its proceedings, from the public eye. It is plainly a rash use of the name of God, where the object for which it is employed is not distinctly understood: and since all just objects may be openly avowed and pursued, the mantle of secrecy is needlessly

thrown around them. We would not judge unkindly of any body of men, or of any individuals, professing to have in view objects of philanthropy and mutual aid; but we cannot conceal our apprehensions, that by assuming mere natural principles as their guide, they insensibly prepare themselves for discharging revealed religion, so that some find themselves divested of faith, before they were conscious of the tendency and influence of the society with which they connected themselves. We, therefore, feel ourselves bound to renew thus our admonitions to all who claim to be members of the Church, and to remind them of the several decrees of the sovereign pontiffs in regard to secret societies, and to declare anew that sacramental absolution cannot be lawfully or validly imparted to persons continuing to profess themselves members of such societies. We conjure all our children in Christ by his tender mercies, to shun all such associations, and through no consideration of interest or fear, to continue a connexion so opposed to the positive laws of the Church, and so dangerous to the integrity of faith. The privileges of membership in the great society of the faithful are granted on condition of obedience to the laws of the Church; and are forfeited when acts are done to which the penalty of privation is attached.

In calling on you, brethren, to avoid these dangerous associations, we mean not to weaken, but rather to strengthen your social relations to your fellow-citizens generally. No difference of religious sentiment varies the eternal rules of justice: no errors, nor even crimes, deprive any one of his claims on your charity, in virtue of the law of Him who said: "love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; bless them that curse you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you."

"If possible," says the apostle, "as much as in you lies, have peace with all men." "Do good to all men," and if especially to those who are of the household of faith, yet to others likewise, with sincere, effectual beneficence. To you we trust for the practical refutation of all those atrocious calumnies which deluded men, severally or in odious combinations, constantly circulate by every possible means against our holy religion. Your strict integrity in the daily concerns of life, your fidelity in the fulfilment of all engagements, your peaceful demeanor, your obedience to the laws, your respect for the public functionaries, your unaffected exercise of charity in the many occasions which the miseries and sufferings of our fellow-men present; in fine, your sincere virtue will confound those vain men whose ingenuity and industry are exerted to cast suspicion on your principles, and evoke against us all the worst passions of human nature. Let then, your entire deportment be good, "that whereas they speak against you as evil doers, considering you by your good works, they may glorify God in the day of visitation. For so is the will of God, that by doing well you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Whilst you justly prize the civil rights which you enjoy in common with your fellow-citizens, be mindful of the allegiance which you owe to the King of kings and Lord of lords. Give to God what belongs to God, the homage of enlightened faith, and the cheerful obedience of your wills. "As free, and not as making liberty a cloak of malice, but as the servants of God." (1 Peter ii, 16.)

The enormous evils of intemperance, which no tongue can portray, have given occasion to the adoption of a remedy apparently extreme. Millions in Ireland, and many thousands in this country have publicly



pledged themselves to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors. We cannot but approve the determination thus taken by such as have had the misfortune to contract this dreadful vice; for we have rarely seen the drunkard reclaimed, except by the total abandonment of the occasion of his sin: we also highly applaud the generous charity and zeal of such as through compassion for the unfortunate have stepped forward to share with them the privation, but we deem it right to guard against the possible abuse of so excellent an institution. It must be distinctly understood and avowed that the moderate use of wine, or any other liquor is of itself perfectly lawful, since "every creature of God is good, and nothing is to be rejected which is received with thanksgiving, for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer." (1 Tim. iv, 4.) It would not be advisable to impose or to assume generally the obligation of total abstinence, since, considering human frailty, it might become a snare of souls, and change a lawful act into sin, and add to the sting of conscience the terror of despair. We will, therefore, that the pledge usually made be regarded as a resolution, which whilst it affords to those who take it the advantages of mutual examples and prayers, imposes no new moral obligation, so that the person who should fail in its observance, sins only by excess, or by exposing himself to danger in consequence of his peculiar frailty. Let each one at the same time remember that it is only through the grace of Jesus Christ that we can effectually overcome temptation and practise virtue unto salvation. "Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it: unless the Lord keep the city he watcheth in vain that keepeth it." (Psalm cxxvi.) Let no man presume on the strength of his determination, or

on the restraining influence of public opinion. The torrent of passion easily sweeps away these human barriers. Prayer, vigilance, the reception of the sacraments, the flight from the occasions of sin are necessary in order to give effect to our good purposes, which themselves must proceed from the inspiration of divine grace, for "we are not sufficient to think anything of ourselves, as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is from God." (2 Cor. iii, 5.) It is on this account we warn you against uniting in societies not based on religious principles, nor directed by the ecclesiastical authority, or otherwise organized in such a way as may suppose mere human influences and means.

These things, beloved brethren, we have thought necessary to place before you that you may proceed in all things with enlightened faith, and trusting in God who strengthens the humble, resist with untiring efforts every temptation. "And that knowing the time: that it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep; for now our salvation is nearer than we believed. The night is passed and the day is at hand. Let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light. Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences." (Rom. xiii, 11.)

We deplore the enormous scandal of some who, having already contracted marriage, enter into new engagements during the life time of their lawful consorts. Others, though few in number, have sought from the civil authority a divorce from the bond of matrimony, and have ventured to pass to a second marriage, notwithstanding the indissoluble character of the marriage-tie,—God

having prohibited the separation of those whom he has united, We are determined to employ the severest authority of the Church against persons guilty of so heinous a crime, and to cut them off from her communion, delivering them over to Satan, that by humiliation in time, their spirit may be saved in the day of Christ.

We give thanks to God for the wonderful blessing which he has vouchsafed to his Church in these United States, where within half a century the number of bishops has increased from one to seventeen, and the faithful are daily seen to advance in piety as well as numbers. One or two painful instances of insubordination to ecclesiastical authority, which have recently occurred, are exceptions to the general docility and obedience of our flock; and we trust that the parties concerned will use all their efforts, by affectionate submission, to cause the scandal of resistance to be forgotten. Our power is given us by the Lord for edification, not for destruction; we lord it not over you, by reason of your faith; we seek your salvation, not the display of authority. The deluded men who occasionally resist the divine ordinance, and violate the order which God has established, disturb the peace of the faithful, and spread scandal and disorder, under the pretext of defending popular rights, whilst in reality they deprive the faithful of those spiritual privileges which are their most precious inheritance. It has been already declared and defined, in the first provincial council, that the appointment and removal of pastors are the right prerogative of the bishop, and that it is the duty of the congregation to make a reasonable and just provision for the support of the pastor so appointed; the resistance to which right would force the bishop to a severe exercise of the ecclesiastical authority.

We cannot withhold the expression of our consolation at the success which has crowned the apostolic labors of missionaries of the Society of Jesus in the vast regions occupied by Indian tribes, especially in the Oregon territory west of the Rocky Mountains. With zeal worthy of the brightest ages of the Church, they have gone to these children of nature to civilize them, and impart to them the knowledge of salvation, and God has confirmed their word, and made it fruitful. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and that preacheth peace: of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation, that saith to Sion: Thy God shall reign. The voice of thy watchmen: they have lifted up their voice, they shall praise together: for they shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall convert Sion. Rejoice and give praise together, O ye deserts of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people: he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath prepared his holy arm in the sight of all the Gentiles: and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God." (Isa. lii. 7.) Whilst the sons of Ignatius emulate the apostolic labors of Xavier, two devoted ecclesiastics from two of our dioceses have generously consecrated themselves to the salvation of the colored emigrants from the United States in Africa and the natives of Western Africa. Foregoing all the comforts of civilized life, they have resolutely encountered all the difficulties of an undertaking that presents no flattering prospects of success. Pressed forward by the charity of Christ, they only consider the degraded condition of man in the country marked out for their labors, and they hasten to afford him the succors of religion, content with whatever measure of success it may please God to grant to their efforts. Let us pray, beloved brethren, that



a blessing may be given to the apostolic prelate now charged with this mission, and the faithful band associated with him in the arduous undertaking. Your prayers should ascend to God for this end, and your alms cannot be better applied than in enabling ministers of religion to meet the heavy expenses of their journeys and missionary establishments among the Indians and Africans. We recommend both missions to your generous charity and zeal.

Whilst we exhort you to extend your charity to the distant children of our common Father, we would not have you neglect more immediate objects. It is by placing the ecclesiastical institutions in the respective dioceses on solid foundations that you will secure for yourselves and your children the perpetuity of the blessings wherewith it has pleased God to enrich you in Christ Jesus. Those to whom the wealth of this world has been given, cannot better employ a portion of it than in providing for the education of ministers of the altar. We are far, however, from meaning to undervalue the offerings which faith may inspire for the erection of temples to the glory of God, or charity may present for the clothing and maintenance of the orphan. We exhort you, brethren, to follow the impulse of the Holy Ghost in the various good works for which your charitable co-operation is solicited, and to remember in the day of your abundance that whatever you set apart to the glory of God, in the exercise of charity, is so much secured against the caprice of fortune. Be not then high-minded, nor hope in uncertain riches, but in the living God (who giveth us abundantly all things to enjoy;) do good; be rich in good works; distribute readily; communicate; lay up in store for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that you may obtain true life.

\* We cannot conclude without expressing our gratitude to God for the admirable change which his grace has wrought in the minds of many in England, and the effects whereof are seen even in this country. We are not disposed to exaggerate this moral revolution, or to form sanguine calculations as to its immediate results. It is not for us to know the times or the moments which the Father has placed in his own power, but we love to hope that the days of perfect unity may be not far distant, when the nations whom the violent passions of men have torn from the bosom of the church, will return repentant, saying to each other: "Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us his ways, and we will walk in his paths." (Isaiah ii, 3.) At all events it is our duty to pray for so desirable an object, conformably to the example of our divine Redeemer, who at his last supper prayed that all who believe in him might be one, even as He and the Father are one. Brethren, if you ask the Father any thing in his name, he will give it you. "If two or three of you agree together on earth concerning any thing whatsoever, it shall be granted you." How much more, then, if from the two hemispheres the supplication of fervent faith and charity ascend from innumerable multitudes to obtain light for those who wander amidst errors, that they may see the whole truth, and courage that they may confess it, that with one mind and with one mouth they may with us glorify God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. "We beseech you," brethren, rebuke the unquiet; comfort the feeble-minded; support the weak; be patient towards all men. See that none render evil for evil to any one; but always follow that which is good towards each other, and towards all men." "The

grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen."

*Given at Baltimore, in the fifth Provincial Council, on the fifth Sunday after Easter, in the year of our Lord, MDCCCXLIII.*

† SAMUEL, Archbishop of Baltimore.

† BENEDICT JOSEPH, Bishop of Boston.

† MICHAEL, Bishop of Mobile.

† FRANCIS PATRICK, Bishop of Philadelphia.

† JOHN BAPTIST, Bishop of Cincinnati.

† GUY IGNATIUS, Bishop of Bolena, and Coadjutor of the Bishop of Louisville.

† ANTHONY, Bishop of New-Orleans.

† MATHIAS, Bishop of Dubuque.

† JOHN, Bishop of New-York.

† RICHARD PIUS, Bishop of Nashville.

† CELESTIN, Bishop of Vincennes.

† JOHN JOSEPH, Bishop of Natchez.

† RICHARD VINCENT, Bishop of Richmond.

† PETER PAUL, Bishop of Zela, and Administrator of the Diocese of Detroit.

† PETER RICHARD, Bishop of Drasis, and Coadjutor of the Bishop of St. Louis.

† JOHN M. Bishop of Claudiopolis, and Vicar Apostolic of Texas.

RICHARD S. BAKER, Administrator of the Diocese of Charleston.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## VIRGIL'S ECLOGUE TO POLLIO.

THE following learned article, translated from the French for the Expositor, presents some new and interesting facts and suggestions in relation to the celebrated Eclogue to Pollio. As it here appears, it is but an abridgement of a discourse, delivered before the Academy des Arcades, and therefore is not as finished and complete in detail as might be desired. We mention this fact, in order to account for the abruptness, here and there apparent, and that the fault, if fault it be, may be attributed neither to author nor translator.

AMONG many of the pagan nations of antiquity there prevailed a tradition, vague and undefined though it may have been, of the promise of a regenerator of the human race. With this, Virgil has moulded the traditional legend; that, as time rolled on, a series of extended and successive ages, each limited and distinct in itself, was in progress and moving onwards towards a final conclusion. These ages, succeeding ages, were indiscriminately known and spoken

of, as great periods—great years—great months.

"Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo  
Et incipient magni procedere menses."

In this doctrine there was a singular concurrence. For of all the polished nations of the ancient time, which received their ideas and their knowledge of the universe from their ancestors—of all the various masters of Grecian philosophy, who with



so much ingenuity discussed the origin and disserted with so much eloquence upon the duration of the earth, there is none, who did not indulge in this belief and assign great periods to the existing and visible world. Struck with the evils and imperfections, both physical and moral, which apparently obscure and partially destroy the beautiful arrangement and harmony of nature, they confidently expected, that when all such disorder and confusion had passed away, as pass away they would, there would commence a period of years, when all should be benevolence and goodness, and the human race elevated to a state of happiness without alloy and be the possessors of a felicity, perfect beyond the knowledge of man.

These opinions were prevalent throughout Europe. You discover them in the earliest chants of Orpheus—they were universally adopted among the Persians, and in the sacred volumes, recently discovered in India, you meet them again. The three most famous and enlightened schools of ancient philosophy—the Pythagorean, the Platonic, and that of the Stoics—transferred them from oriental traditions and engrafted them upon their systems, and fixed them among their speculations. Astronomy submitted them to its calculations, and, soaring far away among the upper spheres, searched for evidence of their truth amidst the constellations and the planets. Religion interwove them with her rites and incorporated them in her liturgy. Legislation coupled them with the celebrations it directed—the arts committed it as a charge to obelisk and pyramid, to transmit and teach them to unborn generations, and poesy—that beautifier even of the beautiful, embellished and illustrated them with her most attractive ornaments and agreeable fictions. It was, however, from the learning, the be-

lief, and the traditions of the Etruscans, which are developed with so much pomp and majesty in the 6th book of the *Eneid*, that Virgil obtained his ideas and opinions of this interesting doctrine.

This people believed that to human things and the human kind a certain number of ages had been assigned—that the duration of the world was included in eight vast periods, and that eight great changes limited its existence: that the approach of each of these great and surprising revolutions would be announced and attended by singular phenomena and extraordinary signs in the heavens and on the earth—that one of these marvellous periods would expire with the dissolution and destruction of the Etruscan empire, with whose existence and whose glory it was connected and commensurate: that this period would embrace ten ages of an unequal number of years: that the tenth age had begun during the celebration and festivities of the famous games, given by Cæsar, Edile, for the amusement of the Roman people—in fine, that after the lapse of one hundred and nineteen years, the duration of this tenth age, the accomplishment of the periodical revolution would be a signal for the renovation of all sublunary things, and the commencement of a new, happier, and more tranquil period. So universally adopted was this opinion not only at Rome but throughout all Italy, that when general attention was drawn to the examination and explanation of a marvellous occurrence—a soft and plaintive trumpet-note, heard floating at intervals through the pure æther of a serene and cloudless day—the Etruscan priesthood applied it to the great year, the termination of which was averred to be at hand. And in corroboration Censorinus writes, that among the rituals of the Etruscans have been dis-

covered a description and explanation of the wonders and prodigies which had indicated or would indicate the approach and succession of the different ages. Volcatius too, a Tuscan soothsayer, persuaded himself, that he saw the signal of the coming of the tenth age in the comet, which appeared just after the assassination of Cæsar in the year of the city 711, three years, at least, before Virgil composed this eclogue.

Many celebrated writers, who have given their attention to the examination of Etruscan antiquities, have attempted to ascertain and designate the time of this great year. If from the many opinions, which have been hazarded on this point, we are willing to select as our guide that of Canovai, who after the researches of Bruker, Freret, and Lampredi, devoted himself particularly to this subject, we will fix upon the year 72, the precise date which Baronius assigns to the siege of Jerusalem, an event which may with truth and justice be termed the concluding scene of the ancient law. Other opinions nearly coincide with this. The one most widely differing, designates the year 37, the year almost exactly when died the Man-god. In this instance however, accuracy of time cannot be expected. When discussing traditions, composed of such uncertain and oftentimes opposing elements, an agreement in the material facts, and not a designation of the precise year is all sufficient. Some there are, who, differing from the celebrated author above cited, refer the great year predicted by Virgil to the Babylonian *Saros* or the Alexandrian era, or some other astronomical period. But those thus dissenting appear to forget that their doctrines were taught in the schools alone; were read in the march of the constellations or the revolutions of the planets; but were not circulated among

the people, nor mingled and incorporated with their belief and their traditions.

After all, choose whatever period they may, the attempt to apply it to the time of which Virgil speaks and the epoch, of which he writes, is vain and futile. For there is not one but is separated by ages. In fact, if it be desirable to discover another origin for the ideas, with which Virgil appears inspired, what more natural than to turn to the two systems of philosophy, to which he at different times devoted himself, and search for it amid the doctrines and the speculations of Platonist and Stoic? The great Platonic year, and the periodical renovation of all things, taught by the Stoics, were known and celebrated throughout antiquity. Each sect professed and acknowledged that their doctrine was derived from oriental traditions. The vast disproportion between the great year of the Stoics and that of the Etruscans is very observable. Virgil, it would seem, adopted that of the latter, which may be supposed to have borne a more faithful resemblance to the original tradition, yet neither neglected nor forgot the beauties of his former studies and availed himself of all the assistance the doctrines of the Platonists and Stoics so abundantly afforded. Among the Etruscans this tradition went hand in hand with that of the creation of the world. They ascribe the creation to the Demiurge, occupying the space of six thousand years. Of these they assigned one thousand to each of the great works of the creation, almost in the same order as they are described in Genesis. The consideration of this singular analogy forces upon our belief the conclusion, that the Etruscans derived from the same source both the tradition of the creation, and that which announced a renovation of all created things. This was expected to occur at the



same point of time, and to be attended with the same signs and the same wonders, as announced the coming of the Messiah, and was creative of the same hopes, which animated the Hebrews, who possessed all the details of the revelation, and had transmitted and spread the general tradition throughout all the nations of the East.

Passing over the resemblance pointed out by Maffi, Passeri, Canovai and other learned men, between the belief and doctrines of the Hebrews and Etruscans, the following remarkable circumstance occurs in confirmation of the position we have taken; in the most remote and distant ages the Tuscans enjoyed frequent intercourse, and had established very various and multiplied relations with the East. This was a necessary result, not only of the establishments of many Grecian and Asiatic colonies in their immediate vicinity, but more than all of the extensive commerce and enterprise for which they were once so renowned. They were for a long time engaged in trade with the Phenicians, Carthaginians, Sicilians, and Greeks, and acquired so distinguished a reputation, that ancient mythology was attracted to them, and transformed their corsairs into dolphins. And besides this, their pieces of money, their vases, and all their various monuments were covered and adorned with marine divinities, or with tridents and anchors, of which last they were probably the inventors. Quite futile, then, is the attempt of Heyne, in his work on Tuscan antiquities, to prove the cosmogony, given by an author of Etruria, cited by Suidas, nothing more than some astrological theme of very recent date. For, as Creuzer in his work on the religions of antiquity justly observes, that cosmogony is in all respects conformable to the tradition given by Plutarch, of the periodical revo-

lutions of the great Etruscan year, as well as to that which is spread throughout the East; and the introduction of which into Etruria can only be explained by the maritime spirit and commercial voyages of the Tuscans, and by reference to the Pythagorean schools so celebrated throughout Italy, and in which were professed the same doctrines that we find in the traditions of the Eastern nations. Thus Virgil, in recalling to our recollections this great and new year—this renovation of all terrestrial things—these great months about to commence—had nothing else in view than the general expectation of a new age—of a restoration of the primitive condition of man, promises which had been made at the time of the creation, to the first patriarchs, and which, disseminated throughout the East, although reproduced in so many and various forms, enveloped and obscured by so many allegories, still always retained their first impression and their original character, which, in its pristine simplicity, amounted to nothing more, than that the spirit of the Lord would renew the face of the earth, and would bring forth into existence that new world, so magnificently described by the Prophet Isaiah.

Another conception not less brilliant Virgil has borrowed from the ancient Stoics and Platonists. It serves to adorn and embellish the future reign, of which the Poet sings the surpassing goodness and glory; that dazzling whiteness of soul, which, spotless and unsullied, and arrayed in its robe of ancient purity and innocence, would become worthy of its high celestial descent.

“Te duce, si qua manent, sceleris vestigia  
nostri

*Inrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.”*

The first dogma, from which depends all the mystery of the redemption of the human race, is the early

truth of original sin—of the partial prostration of all the moral faculties—of the stain cast upon the human race—of the necessity of effacing it and restoring to man the mysterious power of holding converse with the Divinity. In all the most ancient traditions of the nations—in all the systems of ancient philosophy, which men of powerful minds and untiring industry founded, arranged or adorned, not one principle is more clearly and fully developed, than the necessity of recovering the primitive innocence and purity of the soul. The theologians and poets of antiquity taught, according to a Pythagorean, cited by Clement of Alexandria, that the soul in punishment for past offences was, as it were, entombed in the body. Why too, believed the ancient Egyptians, that the souls of the dead wandered through the vast blue vault from star to star, and that, until by these aerial migrations they were cleansed from sin, they could not ascend to the presence of the Divinity? What means the old Orphic doctrine by its secret expiations and rigorous penances, in anticipation of those which must otherwise occur beyond the grave? Wherefore all those rites and expiatory ceremonies at the birth of a child, whom they purified, some with water and others with fire? These practices so common in other times among the Egyptians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans are at this day frequent among the aborigines of Mexico, and are in daily use in Thibet, India, and in fact, in all the nations of Asia. From these traditions, clothed in the mystic language of the earlier ages; the doctrines of original sin, of the necessity of reparation and of the purification of mankind passed into the systems of the Grecian philosophers. Here we discover the reason why Plato in some of his productions has given such a pompous description of

the origin and of the destiny and the transmigration of the soul—a description, which it has been usual to pronounce fanciful and poetic; but which is in reality nothing more than the symbolical exposition of the doctrines of antiquity. Here too, we perceive why the Stoics represented the human soul as subject either in the regions of air or in the realms below to different and manifold torments, in order that it might be purified before it returned to that universal soul of the world, of which they considered it a component part and from which they supposed it to have been detached.

That Virgil adopted these opinions and that the tradition transmitted to us through this eclogue is that of original sin, and of the necessity of repairing the fault, admits not of a doubt. For upon an attentive examination of the train of thought and the peculiar principles of his works, we discover in an instant his devotion to the opinions of the Platonists and Stoics. And when we recall to our recollection the sublime verses in the 6th Eneid, where is presented a magnificent tableau, in which the poet traces the origin of the soul to that divine spirit, which overshadows the immense assemblage of the universe, it animates and directs—that charming elegy, where he mourns for the soul as for a captive detained in obscurity, and plunged in darkness, as long as it is incarcerated in this mortal mould, we again behold the various kinds of torment the soul is destined to undergo, until pure and unsullied it may gain admission and rest in the plains of Elysium. What inspiration was there operating upon this delicate spirit, this “soul poetic,” when in another part of this same poem in sad and plaintive strain he shows us the souls of tender infants, whom the unsparing hand of death has mowed down on the very breast of the mo-



ther, before they had tasted aught of life and hope, all grief and sadness! Wherefore those tears, those tones of grief and agonizing lamentations! What crime requires such punishment! Whence did the poet derive a fiction so strange and pitiless! What origin assign it, other than the ancient belief, that we are conceived in wickedness and born in sin!

As if to complete the testimony in favor of this tradition, Virgil leads us up "the long dark path of time" and sets before our view the primitive condition of man—his state of innocent felicity—times of justice and virtue—the age of gold and days of happiness. The recollection and description of an age of gold are transmitted through all the first monuments of antiquity. The ancient Hesiod, anterior to Homer or at least contemporaneous with the genius, that sang in undying notes of the most ancient traditions of Greece, and Plato, the indefatigable traveller, who collected with unexampled industry and depicted with inimitable eloquence the doctrines of all the East—the poets and moralists of the earliest nations, in a word all authors of remoter times, commence their history of the world and of religion, with the description of an age of goodness, during which men conversed familiarly with God, when the essence of life was not affected by disappointment, nor life itself destroyed by want and disease—when age weakened not the body, but lent fresh strength and vigor to the form, and when the universal terror, Death itself, was but a delicious dream. The plough then furrowed not the land—the spontaneous harvest waved and ripened on the earth, and man roamed in freedom, nor yet was doomed to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow—then the ox bent not his neck to the yoke, and the lion tame and harmless, in playfulness and joy, licked the hand of man, his master—then the ship

ploughed not the sea amid danger and disaster, nor transported from distant climes the abundant productions of every land—then the bosom of the mountain was not rent and explored for iron to destroy or gold to corrupt—then strife and differences, hatred, murder, pillage, war, disease, conflagrations, and death were unfelt and unknown upon this happy, happy earth!

And whence this tradition of ancient days? Not from history. For pagan antiquity affords not a single historian—not a single monument or isolated fact which can direct us to the people who lived in these times, and enjoyed those delights of this period. On the contrary, all historians, both Greek and Latin, and all the ancient travellers who describe to us the uncultivated nations visited by them, in a word, all authors of early times go not back beyond the days when man was savage, miserable, wandering, deriving sustenance from the acorn or the roots of the forest, with thick, undressed skins for a covering—man full of ferocity and ignorance and blood, and but little above the brute creation in condition or desires. Nor can it be asserted that the age of gold is an invention of philosophy. Its ideas on this head are widely different. The Epicureans and Peripatetics in ancient and their foolish imitators of modern times essayed to explain, in a manner entirely their own, the origin and the primitive state of the world and of the human kind. But far from commencing with an age of goodness and abundance, they introduce our progenitors, rising from the bosom of the earth or composing a herd of timid beasts without an idea of God—without language, without society and without laws, dismayed and stupified at every step, by frightful prodigies and by the imposing force of nature.

It is therefore only in the earliest

religious traditions preserved during the long lives of the antediluvian patriarchs and by them handed down to those, who, afterwards dispersed over the earth, became the fathers of all nations, that we can with any confidence search for the recollection of this happy age, called the age of gold; for the times when Saturn ruled and for the days of Astrea's reign, which passed away because of the sins of men and was succeeded by a hard and bitter time—the iron age. But the memory of this golden age and the regret for its departure still remained, nourishing the vows and sustaining the hopes of unfortunate man, who kept enshrined within his heart the remembrance of his former grandeur and the expectation, that God again, as once had been his wont, would deign to hold communion with him and restore to earth and its inhabitants its long departed joy and felicity. Of the existence of these traditions, Virgil in this eclogue furnishes the most conclusive evidence. This tradition too suggested to him to apply to the child, of whom he prophesies, not only the most magnificent images, with which the poets had adorned their descriptions of the golden age, but also to confer upon him the title even of God—

“ Ille Deum vitam accipiet \* \*

Casta Deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.”

Wrong would it be to attempt to explain away this language by asserting it to be a poetical exaggeration or the flattery of a courtier. The first hypothesis is contradicted at the very outset by the well-known pure and refined taste of Virgil, who, when at another time promising a glorious destiny and career to a prince, who had given the most flattering hopes of future greatness, thought it sufficient to say—

\* \* Si quâ fata aspera rumpas

Tu Marcellus eris \* \*

Not less objectionable is the other

supposition; for when Virgil addressed this piece to Pollio, adulation had not advanced so far as to deify the Roman Emperors. The warmest partizans of Cæsar scarce dared to elevate him to the dignity of a demi-god and give him a place among the stars. Assuredly then none would have had the boldness and temerity to confer on the son of Octavia and Augustus, or on any other Roman, an honor half refused and but half granted to the first and greatest of Rome's Emperors.

That same tradition, however, which recalled to the minds of the people their former felicity, which reproached them with their crime and showed them their utter inability to rescue themselves, also announced and transmitted the promise of a child—God himself—who, as mediator between man and the Divinity, would efface all stain, disclose all truth, and restore all virtue and justice. His heart teeming, with this sublime hope—intellect enriched and glowing with the stores of history, of poesy, and tradition—seduced by the beautiful and fascinating images, which Platonism contained and had revealed, Virgil forgets Pollio and the civil wars, and the peace of Brindes, objects too trite and far too cold for the burning enthusiasm which inflamed him, and turning his view to more elevated subjects sings on a higher and more majestic scale, and is converted into the Poet, or rather into the oracle, of this inspiring and universal prediction. And what still more excites our wonder and astonishment is, that the brilliant imagery, which adorns and illustrates his account of the happy age, which the celestial child was to restore, not only accords with that which the Poets have introduced into their descriptions of the golden age; but also appears in some sort a reproduction of those masterly and superhuman touches and colorings, which the



prophet Isaiah throws off, when portraying the happy reign of the Messiah. So evident is this resemblance that Pope, when about to translate this "Eclogue to Pollio," paraphrased and applied it to our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and by Isaiah's own language rendered the expressions and images of the Latin Theocritus.

After having reviewed the origin of the fundamental ideas of this poem, there can be no more appropriate continuation than to examine into and point out, the source of the poetical images, by which it is so highly adorned. To effect this, the means which facilitated Virgil in his knowledge of the books, or at least of the prophecies, of the Hebrews, must be exhibited. Whatever the opinion the critic may feel inclined to form from the intercourse which the Hebrews had with the Greeks and Romans, and from the knowledge which the latter might possess of the books of the former, one fact is indisputable; that everything concurred in introducing into Rome and in circulating among its wise men those sublime doctrines and those beauties of the first rank, which abound in the works of Moses and the prophets. The influx of the Jews after the times of Alexander and with the approbation of the Ptolemies and the Seleucides, into the most populous and most celebrated cities of the East; the synagogues there erected; the translation of their sacred volumes, to which the wise and learned gave zealous attention and which occupied distinguished places in the most famous libraries; their taste or rather their mania, as great in the centre of Judea as beyond its territories, for the philosophy, the poetry, the games, and even for the manners of the Greeks; the wars, which after the time of Pompey had swept up to the very gates of Jerusalem; the powerful influence which the Roman Senate exercised over the destinies of

this nation and the succession to its throne; its treaties and alliances with its conquerors; the extensive commerce carried on between the capital of the world and its provinces; the strong friendship, which existed between Agrippa and other Hebrew Princes, and many of the Roman Senators and Generals; the avidity with which the learned of that time sought for knowledge, and the particular curiosity which induced them to observe and examine every document, every doctrine, every practice, every tradition, which owed its origin to the East; the intimacy between Herod and Pollio, to whom he stood in the character of host, and with the wise Nicholas of Damas, who acted as his minister at the Court of Augustus, by whom he was tenderly beloved; all these facts so well known and so abundantly authenticated by a crowd of grave and trusty writers are so conclusive and overwhelming, when collated, that it is impossible to hold but one opinion on this subject. We are forced to admit that the Hebrew books or at least the doctrines and the beauties they contain, were familiar to the wise men of Rome and more particularly to Virgil, the intimate friend and constant companion of Pollio and Augustus, who searched with a spirit so unflagging, and an avidity so extraordinary, for every jewel and every brilliant which might lie hidden in the mines of a strange nation's literature. In fact, an argument with much less force and potency would establish beyond controversy the passing of a science from one people and nation to another.

An inquiry into the traditions and philosophical opinions of the era, in which Virgil wrote, has thus insensibly conducted us to the sources, from which the substance of this poem is derived. The perusal of the sacred volumes or at least his familiarity with the doctrines which they contain, point out what masters Vir-

gil has followed and from whom he has drawn his most attractive images and illustrations, and explains the peculiar nature and style of this eclogue, which seems of an entirely oriental character, although as severe and chastened in composition as any specimen of poetry, strictly Latin in thought and expression.

If the different parts of this eclogue be viewed in juxtaposition and observed as with a single *coup d'œil*, it presents the following distinct points and features: that in the earliest times man lived in a state of entire justice and felicity; that he was miserably precipitated from his high estate into every abyss of error and of vice; but that at last the fatal period of his debasement approaches a conclusion; that a divine child was about to appear among men, accompanied by the Virgin Goddess of Justice; that he would raise up a holy and a heavenly generation and that the reign of Saturn, a reign of peace and abundance, would return; that he would do battle against the enemies of the human race, would conquer and triumph over them, would wipe away every stain and remove every blemish and would reign the peaceful sovereign of a universe kneeling in security and happiness at his feet. At his coming the universe would cry out for very joy, the mountains quake and bow their tops, the world rejoice on its immense axis, the earth put on a spontaneous verdure, the lion feed with the lamb, the serpent and the tempter disappear, and trees, and forests, and prairies, and gardens, and flocks of the field, and all else of the beautiful in nature surround and give of their riches and their beauty to adorn and ornament the heavenly cradle and honor the divine birth. Whatever child Virgil may have had in view, whatever the immediate occasion of the poem, whatever the monuments and the traditions which commentator or critic may offer as the source of

the Mantuan's sentiments and ideas, whatever the epoch or the country, is it possible that, in the face of this combination of facts, all should not agree that, the most conspicuous and prominent thought, which meets you at the opening and bears you company to the end of this eclogue, is the self-same thought of the tradition common to the whole human family, the object of the vows and the aspirations of all ages and of the language and writings of all the Prophets, who described and predicted the coming of the Redeemer? Is it not on these elements, on the destruction of our innocence, the necessity of a heavenly liberator, the return of the reign of peace and justice, that rests the whole mystery of the redemption? Is it not so announced by the Divinity to the Patriarchs, who transmitted it to all people and so described by the Prophets in colors and by images as various as they are magnificent and brilliant? And, moreover, if we consider that not a single historical fact of the times of Virgil affords us the slightest explanation of the mystery relative to this wonderful child whom he announces; but that the opinions of his era, the traditions spread among his contemporaries, the philosophical doctrines by which his spirit was nourished and supported, explain to our utmost satisfaction the cause and the origin of every division of this great poem, in a word, that the Poet's expressions and his imagery are not only vastly different and distinct from his usual style and manner, but also are without parallel or resemblance in all antiquity, except among the Prophets, we cannot but concur in acknowledging that this Eclogue of Virgil is the most beautiful, the most stately, and the most enduring monument, ever conceived by pagan mind and erected by pagan hands to extend and perpetuate that great and soothing tradition, which announced the coming of the Messiah. J. E. D.



## FATHERS AND WRITERS OF THE CHURCH.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

## FROM L TO R.

**LACTANTIUS FIRMIANUS**, so called from *Fermo*, a town of the March of Ancona, was the disciple of Arnobius. He died in extreme old age, in the year 325. On account of his singular eloquence, he was styled *Cicero Christianus*, the christian Cicero. He is considered by Saint Jerome, more solid in refuting the errors of paganism, than in defending the christian doctrines.

**LANFRANC**, by birth an Italian, originally a monk of the monastery of Bec, and finally Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of England. From the year 1070, to 1089 (when he died) he was the most uncompromising opponent of Berengarius, who was induced to commit his own book, against the Eucharist, to the flames.

**LEO VI.**, Emperor of the East, surnamed the *Wise*. He was crowned, at the request of his father, Boiel, by St. Ignatius, Patriarch of Constantinople, in 870, after many varieties of fortune, on the death of his father, he expelled Photius, the invader of his kingdom. He was the author of many celebrated works, especially orations; and a famous epistle to the King of the Saracens, on the truth of the christian religion; in which he clearly asserts the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son.

**LUCIANUS**, a Presbyter of Antioch, most profoundly versed in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and martyred for the faith in the year 312, under the Emperor Maximinus. He was accused of having been the

forerunner of the Arian heresy: from this charge he is exculpated by Baronius, (ad. ann. 311.) He is venerated as a martyr, on the 16th of January.

**LITURGIES.** It may be useful to place under this letter, the liturgies, which are books written by the public authority of the churches, in which the prayers and rites for the consecration and administration of the Holy Eucharist, are contained. There are several under the names of St. Peter, Matthew, and Mark; which, however, are proved not to be genuine. The liturgy of St. James is more ancient, and it is the opinion of Cardinal Bellarmine and Cardinal Bona, that it was composed by his direction: they, however, except some prayers which were afterwards added. There are many other liturgies; as, for instance, of St. Basil, St. Cyril of Alexandria, St. Gregory, St. Chrysostom, &c. &c.

**MAXIMUS St.**, Abbot and Martyr; he had a celebrated disputation in 645, with Phyrus, a Monotheolite, Ex-Patriarch of Constantinople. Having been deprived of his tongue and eyes, he died in exile, anno 662.

**MAXIMUS St.**, Bishop of Turin, flourished in the fifth century, and died in extreme old age, about the year 473. He was the author of many homilies, written in the most elegant style, some of which have been attributed to St. Ambrose and St. Augustine.

**MELITO**, Bishop of Sardis in Asia, addressed an apologetic letter

to the Emperor Antoninus in favor of Christianity; of which a fragment has been preserved by Eusebius.

MINUTIUS FELIX, an African by birth, a lawyer by profession, flourished at Rome, in the third century. He wrote an elegant dialogue, entitled *Octavius*, between a Pagan and a Christian, in which he triumphantly exposes the folly of the pagan worship.

NICEPHORUS CALLIXTUS, a monk, flourished in the fourteenth century. He compiled an ecclesiastical history from the monuments taken from preceding writers: viz. Eusebius, Socrates, Sozomen, Theodoret, and Evagrius. This work of Nicephorus, we are informed by learned men, should be read with caution and judgment, for it contains many things of dubious and suspicious authority.

NILUS St., at first Governor of Constantinople, and then the disciple of St. Chrysostom, and a recluse in the desert of Sinai. By Photius he is called *vir divinus*, and is said to have written many valuable works. He died towards the year 420, and is venerated by the Church, on the 12th of November.

ODO, second Abbot of Cluny, died in 942. He is the author of several works contained in the *Bibliotheca Patrum*.

ODO, Abbot of St. Martin of Tours, and afterwards Bishop; but driven from his See by Henry VI., from whom he refused to receive the investiture, he died in the monastery of *Anchin*, in 1118. His works are likewise in the *Bibliotheca Patrum*.

CECUMENIUS flourished about the twelfth century. He expounded a great part of the New Testament, mostly from the writings of the ancients, and particularly St. Chrysostom, whence he is often styled *Scholastes Græcus*.

OPTATUS St., Bishop of Milevium in Numidia, a powerful opponent of the Donatists, lived in the fourth

century. He wrote seven books against Parmenianus, a Donatist Bishop, in which he shows the origin and growth of that schism, refutes the frauds and misstatements of the Schismatics, and vindicates with no less power than modesty, the doctrine of the Church.

ORIGEN, born at Alexandria, about the year 185, the son of St. Leonidas, martyr, and his successor in the prefecture of the School of Alexandria, was ordained Priest in his forty-second year, and died in 252. He was renowned for his love of chastity, and suffered much for the faith: but his works are not free from serious errors. He wrote innumerable volumes, a part of which have come down to us. His treatise against Celsus is the most important.

OSIUS, of Corduba in Spain, a venerable bishop, who presided over the Council of Nice, in the name of Pope Sylvester, and has been styled *Pater Episcoporum et Conciliorum*. He died in the hundredth year of his age, after having suffered exile and innumerable hardships for the true faith. He subscribed the Arian formula of faith, but at the hour of death retracted his error, as St. Athanasius relates (in *Ep. ad Scholarios*), and died in peace.

OTHO, brother of the emperor Conrad III., bishop of Frisingia, died in 1158. He wrote a *Chronicon* in seven books, from the beginning of the world to the year 1146.

PAPIUS, a Phrygian bishop, the disciple of St. John and friend of Polycarp, was the author of the Millinarian system, which he founded upon certain texts of Scripture wrongly understood.

PASCHASIUS, Deacon of the Roman Church, flourished in the fifth century. A highly polished and erudite treatise *de Spiritu Sancto* has been attributed to his pen.

PASCHASIUS RADBERTUS, born in France, in 786; a monk of Corbey,



over which monastery he presided. He wrote copiously on the truth of the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, and died anno 851.

PACIANUS St., Bishop of Barcelona, flourished in the fourth century, and died under the reign of Theodosius, in extreme old age, in 390. He has left some writings on Baptism, and others, which are much esteemed, against the Novatians. He is praised by St. Jerome for his virtues and learning.

PAULINUS of Nola, St., born at Bordeaux in France, and Bishop of Nola in Campagna, died about the year 431. He is eulogized by the most illustrious men of his time, by St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, &c., for his erudition and charity to the poor.

PETER BLOIS, flourished in the twelfth century. He was Archdeacon of London and Chancellor of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the name of Pope Alexander III., he wrote a letter to the Sultan of Iconium on the Nature of Faith.

PETER CHRYSOLOGUS St., styled the "golden-mouthed" on account of his eloquence, was made Archbishop of Ravenna, in 430, and died in 450. Many of his Sermons are extant: as also a short but admirable epistle to the heresiarch Eutyches.

PETER DAMIAN, first a Benedictine Monk, and afterwards Cardinal Bishop of Ostia. He discharged several embassies and underwent great fatigue and exertions for the reformation of morals, and died gloriously, anno 1072: having left behind him an immortal reputation for virtue and learning.

PETER LOMBARD, commonly styled *magister sententiarum*, was creat-

ed Bishop of Paris, in 1159, and died in 1164. His book of *Sentences* has been commented on by innumerable theologians.

PHILASTRIUS St., was a bishop, and an intimate friend of St. Ambrose; he died about the year 390. He composed a book *de Hæresibus*, which breathes a profound spirit of truth. He stanchly resisted Auxentius the leader of the Arians at Milan.

PHILO the Jew, of the priestly race, flourished in the first century. He published an exposition of the sacred Scriptures, but entirely in an allegorical sense.

PHOBADIUS St., a bishop in Gaul, was present at the Council of Rimini, where he nobly supported the orthodox faith. He was living in 392, when St. Jerome was engaged in composing his catalogue of ecclesiastical writers. In the hundred and eighth chapter of which work, he thus mentions Phobadius: *Edidit contra Arianos librum; vivit usque hodie decrepita senectute.*

POLYCARP St., the disciple of St. John, by whom he was appointed Bishop of Smyrna. It is probable that St. John alludes to him under the name of the angel of Smyrna. He governed that Church more than sixty years; but the precise period of his martyrdom is not known. It must have been between 147 and 167.

PROSPER St., a layman, secretary to Pope Leo I., died in the year 460. He wrote many works against the Pelagiâns; both in prose and verse.

PRUDENTIUS, a Poet and a layman, flourished in the fourth century. Many of his poems are extant, of which the principal is that *de coronis*, in which he sings of the sufferings and triumphs of the martyrs.

## EDITORIAL OBSERVATIONS.

OUR present number is decorated with a fine steel engraving of "Cana in Galilee," where the first miracle of our Saviour was performed, viz—the changing of water into wine; the figure of the last grand effort of divine power and goodness—the transubstantiation of bread and wine into his own adorable body and blood, at the last supper. The Lines of J. A. Shea on this subject will be found very apposite and poetical.

## CANA OF GALILEE.

BY J. A. SHEA.

In earlier days than these I feel,  
 Flinging their shadows o'er my brow,  
 I read with most enthusiast zeal  
 Whose transport words cannot reveal  
 Of the fair land I visit now.  
 Visit indeed on fancy's pinion,  
 But not the less enchaining still,  
 The beauties of the land's dominion,  
 The stream, the valley, and the hill.  
 CANA OF GALILEE! the sound  
 Like music breathing from above,  
 Brings sweet associations round  
 The heart of holiness and love.  
 All, all around is sacred land  
 By Saviour-footsteps sanctified;  
 There, blushing at their God's command  
 The waters of th'obedient tide  
 Flow'd wine, the marriage feast to cheer,  
 And they who sate around,  
 Confess'd a God indeed was there—  
 A Saviour had been found.  
 Thus the first miracle was wrought,  
 Thus first the power of Christ was taught.

Gazing at morn or eve on thee,  
 Thou fair, bright land of Galilee,  
 Whose name, more lovely grown by age,  
 Liveth in Evangelic page,  
 A sacred name which seemeth given,  
 A link between our earth and Heaven.  
 I see the turban'd Moslem stand  
 With his weak book of sensual creed,  
 Ruling the glorious of thy land,  
 His sceptre but "a broken reed."

I hear amid thy plains and dells  
 The tinkling of the camel's bells,  
 While many bend the knee in prayer  
 To Merca, mindless of the day  
 When Jesus walk'd in mercy there,  
 And taught the Hebrew how to pray.  
 When with more fitted feelings may  
 The Christian learn the fatal ease  
 With which the sinner's heart can stray  
 By scarce perceptible degrees  
 Than here, where every scene is rife  
 With memories of the Saviour's life:  
 Yet nothing of his creed is found—  
 His people cloth'd with reckless shame,  
 His temples levell'd with the ground  
 And Error ruling in his name.

Learn we from this the curse of pride,  
 How man's delusion can destroy  
 The hope for which the Saviour died,  
 And fill with woe the cup of joy:  
 And when such scenes we contemplate  
 As this now present to our view,  
 Pause we, lest we the while create  
 Within our bosoms treason too.

THE NEW COLLEGE AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS. — We have room merely for the following extract taken from the Boston "Advertiser and Patriot," regarding the interesting ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of this edifice. In our next, we will, we hope, be able to give a view of the College, the prospectus, &c., a full description of the ceremony, and the ADDRESS, delivered on the occasion, in full:—

FROM THE "BOSTON ADVERTISER AND PATRIOT."

[From our own Correspondent.]

CEREMONIES OF LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE JESUITS' COLLEGE, WORCESTER.

Worcester, Mass., }  
 Wednesday, 4 1-2 o'clock, P. M. }

To-day was appointed for the ceremony of laying the corner stone of a Roman Catholic College in this town, upon a beautiful spot two or three miles south of the village. A large



number of the friends of the institution were collected upon the occasion, many of them from your city ; although the concourse was not so great as was expected, when it was thought that the President of the United States would be present at the ceremony. If curiosity had not drawn any others hither on his own account, his *own personal suite* would have made no mean addition to the throng.

The morning was very fine and propitious, and a procession was formed at the St. James's School, to go to the ground upon which the building has been commenced. This is upon a hill commanding a charming prospect of Worcester and its environs, and as the procession, with its priests and boys dressed in their canonicals, wound up through the valley, its steps measured by the solemn chant, the effect was as striking as it is in this country uncommon. The procession reached the hill at about 12 o'clock. At its head were the girls and boys of the School of St. James, then followed the women and men of the Irish Washingtonian Society, with showy badges, and then the *clerical* part of the procession, which I fear, in my ignorance, I may not describe in fit phrase. First came three boys, dressed in red stuff tunics, with white muslin over-garments with flowing sleeves, their heads uncovered, the one in the centre bearing a crucifix, and the others consecrated candles. Then followed the Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick, Bishop of Boston, in his full canonicals ; the heavy mitre, purple robes, and flowing surplice. Then 15 priests and choristers, and as many boys dressed as those described above.

The ceremonies of Latin prayers and chants were performed with solemnity and effect, the Corner Stone was sprinkled above and below with Holy water, placed by the Bishop's own hand, and amid another choral chant he struck it the formal blows

with the mallet, the moment of which was announced to all around by the discharge of a signal cannon. The procession then moved around the site marked out for the building, the foundation walls of which are already standing, which the Bishop consecrated by sprinkling with holy water, when the head of it passed to the neat stand which had been prepared for the orator of the day, and the rest were arranged in order within hearing.

A very able address was then delivered by the Rev. Dr. Pise, a gentleman whose fine face, figure, and bearing, gave promise before hand of the pleasure he afforded. His remarks were expressive of the most liberal views and intentions, and could they be borne out by the conductors of the College, no one could doubt of the harmlessness, whatever may be thought of the expediency or the necessity of a new institution of this kind.

He began by commenting upon the interesting nature of the occasion, the laying the corner stone of a building whose purposes are second in interest and importance only to those of a temple of worship. He said that Schools were the offspring of Churches, and remarked that the prosperity and glory of every nation must be in proportion to the number of the edifices it contained for objects like that of this whose corner stone they had just placed in that beautiful spot, the natural retreat of the virtues, and the congenial haunt of the muses who rejoiced most in the shady and solitary places of the earth.

He alluded to the numbers of Schools that dotted and variegated our land, and remarked that the genius of liberty nowhere shone more triumphant than in beholding seminaries of this kind extending the blessings of literature and art, without regard to differences of religions,

or creeds or forms. This independence was the glory and boast of our republic.

The speaker then remarked that the mistaken notions which pervaded the community with regard to Catholic efforts for education, made some explanations necessary; and he proceeded at some length to argue that that church had always been anxious for and instrumental in the education of the people, and appealed to the services of the Monks in preserving the classic literature through the dark ages as a proof of this. He then passed to a notice of the Jesuits, to whose care this college was to be entrusted, speaking of the order, and especially of its zeal and influence in the cause of education, in the highest terms. He then alluded to and commended the other Roman Catholic Colleges in this country, especially the two principal ones, those of Georgetown and St. Louis, and anticipated for this equal success and equal patriotic service and public advantage. He spoke in the warmest praise of Bishop Fenwick, its founder, and 'the Very Rev. Mr. Mullady its head. All of these topics I pass over as being of little interest to many of your readers, but proceed to give somewhat at length an important passage of his address, where he spoke of the course of instruction to be pursued, and the small amount of danger he thought accrued from subjection to a foreign spiritual head. He said:

"Under such auspices we cannot but argue well for the future prosperity of this Institution. The youth who will here be formed to letters will also be moulded into true Christians and sincere republicans. They will be taught first the necessity of religion, the practice of virtue, the maxims of charity. They will be instructed to recognize no temporal

power over this free land, in any foreign authority, whether secular or ecclesiastic. They will be taught that even the Sovereign Pontiff, whose spiritual jurisdiction, as Catholics we admit and revere, possesses and claims no right to exercise any sway over us as citizens of this great republic. That they must be ready to defend the prerogatives and liberties of their country against any aggressor, no matter who he may be; and while we constitute but one Church in dogmatical tenets, we are bound to embrace all other communions in the universal national tenet of equal liberty. They will be taught, within these walls to give to God the things that are God's and to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and the eternal truth of this maxim will be inculcated, that he who is not faithful to his country will not be true to his God."

After alluding to the happy nature of the occasion, the speaker concluded:

"All hail, then, to this beautiful spot—around which are blended the quiet shades of the country and the busy population of the town. Upon this chosen earth, the spires of a new College will peer on the traveller's gaze as with the speed of the wind he is hurried, by the vehement power of steam, along those mighty rail roads, which, passing through this town, join together and as it were annihilate distances the most remote. May the eternal eye of Providence watch over its fortunes. Under his omnipotent protection it is commenced; 'unless the Lord build the house, in vain do they labor who build it.' May the hopes of the Right Rev. Prelate, under whose generous auspices it is to be completed, be fully and happily realized. May it be an enduring monument of his zeal and disinterestedness, as well as a signal ornament to the



beauteous and thriving town of Worcester. In a word, my fervent aspirations in concluding, are—

‘QUOD FELIX, FAUSTUM, FORTUNATUMQUE, ET NOSTRIS ET POSTERIS, SIT!’”

The address was listened to with much interest and afforded evident gratification to all that heard it; although it seemed to be calculated for an audience who might be in a great degree Protestants.

WE beg to direct the attention of our readers to the following remarks by the editor of the “Daily People’s Organ” edited by a Protestant at St. Louis:—“Since the Jesuits first established their excellent University in St. Louis, they have been under the observing eye of New England Protestants of several different denominations; and during these years have discovered little that allowed even of exceptions, cavil, or doubt. Instead of being all things to all men, they have firmly adhered to the dogmas and usages of their church under the most trying circumstances: instead of being opposed to civil liberty, their scholars have been so well taught its true, generic, and philosophic principles, as to have been able to deliver orations at the Court House of the County of surpassing eloquence; instead of being enemies to unlimited freedom of conscience, they are distinguished over all clergymen in the State for their systematic observance of the rule never to introduce, in their intercourse with society, any subject whatever that is calculated to wound the feelings of the humblest person present.

\* \* \* \* \*

If they are opposed to popular education; if the diffusion of knowledge among men will destroy Jesuitism, then are the Jesuits of St. Louis short-sighted and their own worst enemies. For certain it is that

the Jesuits have done more for the cause of popular education in St. Louis than all the Protestants united. And we say not this to disparage Protestants’ labors, not to glorify Catholics, but because it is due to Truth. We are Protestants and sorry only that the Protestants have not done more than the Catholics. To retain old prejudices against them and their religious orders, to envy their success or to underrate their labors is to take sides against education and christianity, whose sturdy and successful propagantists they are. The manly and the christian course is, (and to incite to the taking of such a course is the object of this article,) for Protestants zealously to build up two schools, two churches, and two Universities where the Catholics have but one. To circulate tracts and works *against* Catholicism is time, money, and labor lost; and, besides, that is an uncharitable and an unprofitable employment; our reflections teach that if the efforts directed *against* Catholicism were directed against ignorance and wrong doing, and for Protestantism, great results would be achieved where nothing is now gleaned but heart-burnings, ill-wind, and other unchristian fruits, which even heavens hate the taste of.

Yes. The Catholics have besides a University, a Theological Seminary (in Soulard’s addition), and a Medical College, several Free Schools, at which upwards of 400 children daily attend. The Public Schools are maintained at an annual expense of \$6,000, and yet furnish a much smaller amount of instruction to the youth of St. Louis, than the Free Schools of the reviled Jesuits! To the charge of enmity to popular education the Jesuits oppose no answer but the fact that they are now educating more children free of charge than all the other religious societies and the City Authorities

united! Will Protestant preachers do their duty to their congregations as faithfully as we intend to do ours to the School Directors, whom we shall now proceed to stir up with a long pole? Let us see *if all of us*, (aided by funds given by the city, county, State, and United States,) all Protestant denominations united cannot do as much towards educating the youth of St. Louis as these enterprising Catholics! But in Heaven's name and for the sake of the poor children suffering for lack of knowledge, we beg the Jesuits not to *wait* for us—do not slacken your efforts, nor lessen your charities, with the expectation that others will take up the burden you lay down. We will rouse up the School Directors, if we can, but they are uncertain animals, and many of them think as much or more of the good will of a Teacher, as they do of the beseeching looks and winning smiles of the children of the neglected poor."

CLONTARF.—We have received a copy of this beautiful poem, by J. A. Shea, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the performance. Not having had time ourselves, as yet, to peruse it with proper attention, we give place to the following remarks sent us by a friend:

"Clontarf has several beauties, and but few defects. The beauties consist in the evident patriotism of the poet, and the zeal of the christian, tempered down by the delicacy of the man.

Amongst the very many beauties of the poem, the following may be particularly referred to. 'The Sword Gift' is very beautiful; the opening of it is particularly, and passionately Irish. 'Pulse of my heart'—'light of

mine eyes'—'friend of my scul,' are familiar phrases amongst the peasantry of Ireland.

Let it *flash* o'er that field,  
Like the *beams* of the sun.

These lines are worthy of Byron himself. Perhaps one of the most beautiful samples ever produced of prosopopœia is in Milton's Paradise Lost.

—He spake: and to confirm his words,  
out flew  
Millions of *flaming* swords, drawn from the  
thighs  
Of mighty cherubims. The sudden *blaze*  
Far round *illumin'd* hell.

How few, like yonder recreant thing,  
Who struts in titles of to-day.—p. 12.

is a very biting taunt, directed to a recreant Irishman; perhaps his Grace of Wellington.

'The lake with emerald margin bound, &c.' p. 13, is sweet. 'The Monarch's Sorrows' p. 16, is exceedingly good,

He wept, that warrior e'er shou'd steel  
His heart against his country's weal;  
That ties of country, nobler far  
Than even those consanguine are,  
Should be dissever'd and disgraced.

The song opening 'Farewell the breezy Mountain,' is very beautiful. 'The Song of the Gathering,' and the '*De Profundis*,' are both excellent; but the 'Raven Flag' is perhaps the best piece in the whole work. The work is got up in handsome style, but the 'correcting of the press,' might have been better executed; numerous typographical errors are to be met with; of which, scarcely one half have been noted in the errata."



## INTELLIGENCE.

## DOMESTIC.

THE corner stone of St. Peter's Catholic Church about to be erected at the corner of Poppleton and Hollins-streets, Baltimore, was laid with imposing effect. Several of the Bishops, attending upon the Council, were present. Bishop Hughes officiated, and Bishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, preached. The concourse of people present, must have numbered several thousands.

It is understood that the late provincial council has recommended the erection of an Episcopal See in Milwaukie to govern, in ecclesiastical affairs, the Wisconsin Territory. Iowa remaining subject to the See of Dubuque. It must be interesting to know the actual state and the prospects of the expected See.

Milwaukie, W. T., now contains nearly 4000 inhabitants and was increased by 250 dwellings last year, while 350 to 400 will go up this year. Eight years ago, the *first* frame house was erected there. The best harbor on the west side of Lake Michigan and abundance of water powers are among its advantages. A large flouring establishment is to be erected this year. During 1842 there were 250 arrivals of steamboats, and 1,250 of sail vessels. Up to January, 1842, the imports at this port amounted to \$5,843,463, and the exports to \$505,750. During the year 1842, the amount of Lead shipped at this port was 2,500,000 pounds; Wheat, 20,000 bushels; 30 tons of Copper; 300 barrels of White Fish; 3,000 Hides; the amount of Flour not ascertained. There were imported about 3,000 tons of Goods; 4,000,000

feet of Lumber; 2,000 M. Shingles. At the present time there are 300 tons of Lead ready for shipment by the Messrs. Wards and others.

## FOREIGN.

SHREWSBURY.—A Baptist Preacher and four other converts made their first communion in Easter week, in the Catholic chapel of the above town. The pastor has just now 19 Protestants under instruction. A very eligible site for a Catholic church has been purchased this year in the most respectable part of the town; and it is expected that the Earl of Shrewsbury will, with his usual munificence, immediately build a noble church in this town, from which he takes his title.

A new School has been opened by the Catholics at Aigburth, near Liverpool. The mission has been quite successful and several converts are receiving instructions before their admission into the Church.

CAMBRIDGE.—A new Catholic Church has been erected in the University city, dedicated to God under the invocation of St. Andrew. It was built by Pugin and is in the early English style. About thirty adults, the majority of whom were converts, received confirmation from Bishop Wareing.

A bazaar has just been held in Manchester, for the purpose of raising funds to support an establishment of Cistercian monks, in Charleswood forest, Leicestershire. It was patronized by all the Catholic nobility and gentry in the vicinity.

**THE QUEEN'S CHAPLAIN A PUSEYITE.**—The Hon. and Rev. Charles Courtenay has been appointed chaplain to the Queen. This is a compliment to the zealous endeavors of the Earl of Devon in behalf of the Tory Government. The appointment is in itself not a thing to be despised. There are four hundred pounds for money payment, apartments within the precincts of the Palace, and under the beam of the Royal countenance—to say nothing of the Maids of Honor. Such an appointment is considered the highway to a bishopric. The divine is a Puseyite—chin deep. The solemn gravity of his countenance indicates the severity of his creed. Steadfast in his devotions, strict in his discipline and unswerving in his duty, the Hon. and Rev. Charles Courtenay is looked up to as a bright example by those who cast a longing, lingering look behind, and fancy that the dim vista of the past is the far-off future—that Popery which hath been, is the Popery which they have a “mission” to restore.—*Western Times*.

**CONVERTS TO CATHOLICISM.**—On Sunday seventeen persons at Taunton were admitted into communion with the Catholic church, the whole of whom had formerly been Protestants. A numerous congregation witnessed the interesting ceremony of their recognition as members of the faith.—*Sherborne Journal*.

**CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND.**—London and its vicinity contain 230,000 Catholics, and Lancashire 260,000, while the whole number in England is nearly 2,000,000.

**LIVERPOOL.**—A large and splendid new Church is about to be commenced at Edge-hill, under the patronage of St. Ann.

**ST. MARY'S WESTMINSTER.**—On Sunday, May 7th., eleven persons were received into the Catholic Church, six of them had been Episcopalians, three Wesleyans, and two had belonged to the Scotch Church.

On the same day fifty six persons were confirmed by Bishop Wiseman, the greater part of whom were converts.

**COVENTRY.**—“A large and noble Church” is being built in this town. It is in the pointed Gothic style.

**ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN PARIS.**—One of our private letters of Thursday states, that “Saint Patrick's Day” was “kept” at the Irish College, Paris, with somewhat unusual pomp. Monsieur Fernari, Archbishop of Nice, and Nuncio of the Pope, celebrated Mass, at which assisted, besides the superior, (the Rev. Dr. MacSweeney) the professors and students, who amount to considerably more than 100, the Archbishop of Paris, the Bishop of Nancy, and other dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, and several distinguished laymen. A splendid *déjeuner à la fourchette* was served in the refectory, and although no toasts were drank, nor set speeches delivered, much interesting conversation occurred. The Bishop of Nancy, (M. de Forbin Janson) took occasion to observe that he had in the course of last year visited Ireland, and had even preached in Dublin, although, unfortunately, unable to do so otherwise than in French. A reverend friend stood by him, however, and rendered each sentence in English. “I had been in many regions,” said M. de Forbin Janson, “including a considerable portion of the British empire—Canada, Nova Scotia, &c., and derived delight and consolation from the proofs of the existence of religion which I found there; but on



first setting my foot on Irish ground, I felt that I touched *la vraie terre sainte*, the soil of sanctity *par excellence*. The air seemed to me to breathe, and the countenances I beheld to speak purely and religiously." Our correspondent adds, that "M. de Forbin Janson, a member, I need hardly observe, of one of the most ancient families in France, and possessed of estates producing nearly 100,000*l.* (£4000) a year, has during a long period distinguished himself as a zealous missionary. He has resolved on proceeding on the mission to China."

WE are informed from Rome of the death of the Cardinal Giustiniani. In consequence of this event his Holiness has appointed the Cardinal de Riario Sforza to the important post of Cardinal Camerlengo, (first Minister of State,) the highest government situation in the ecclesiastical dominions. This illustrious personage had shortly before been nominated Prefetto del Buon del Governo, similar to that of Minister of the Interior, and taken possession of the beautiful Palazzo della Cancellaria, built by his ancestor the Cardinal de Riario Sforza, who was implicated in the conspiracy of the Pazzi against the Medici. He was consequently exiled, and the immense possessions of his family, so distinguished in the annals of Italy, were confiscated. His eminence was the particular favorite of the good Pope Pius the Seventh, under whose mild sway he held successively the governments of Forlì, and that of Pezaro under the present Pope.

MADRID.—HOLY WEEK IN MADRID—Madrid, curiously enough, has never been erected into a diocese (!), and, consequently, has never had a cathedral of its own. The best of its churches resemble those of a third

class in Italy, and have none of them more than a single nave, the architecture being Roman and possessed of no character of grandeur or originality. Hence the church ceremonies have never been characterized by any extraordinary grandeur or display; and great numbers go hence to Toledo, which is about forty miles distant, and is the seat of the Archbishop, for the purpose of witnessing the "*funciones*" of the Holy Week. Some wealthy people and travellers even go to Seville for that purpose, as the ceremonies are there performed on a grander scale than in any other place in Spain; but owing to the great poverty of the Spanish Church at present, the expenses of public worship being principally defrayed by precarious pence collected in the church-porch, those ceremonies are very far from being so splendid as they used to be, and this is, I am told, particularly the case in Toledo. However, being unable for a moment to leave Madrid, I must confine my account of the Holy Week to this city; but, in the first place permit me to remind your more matter-of-fact readers than this is an old Catholic country—that many of the customs and habits of the people are of an Oriental cast—that they are accustomed to have their reason appealed to through the medium of representations offered to the senses, and hence that some religious ceremonies, that might appear strange to us of the cold north, are not, after all, superstitious, and are stamped with the seal of most venerable antiquity.

On Holy Thursday the procession and *tenebræ*, as well as the office of the preceding evening, are much the same as your Catholic readers are accustomed to at home; with this exception, however, that instead of a side-altar being decorated on the occasion, the high altar, or one immediately in front of it, is here converted into a "*chapelle ardente*," where the

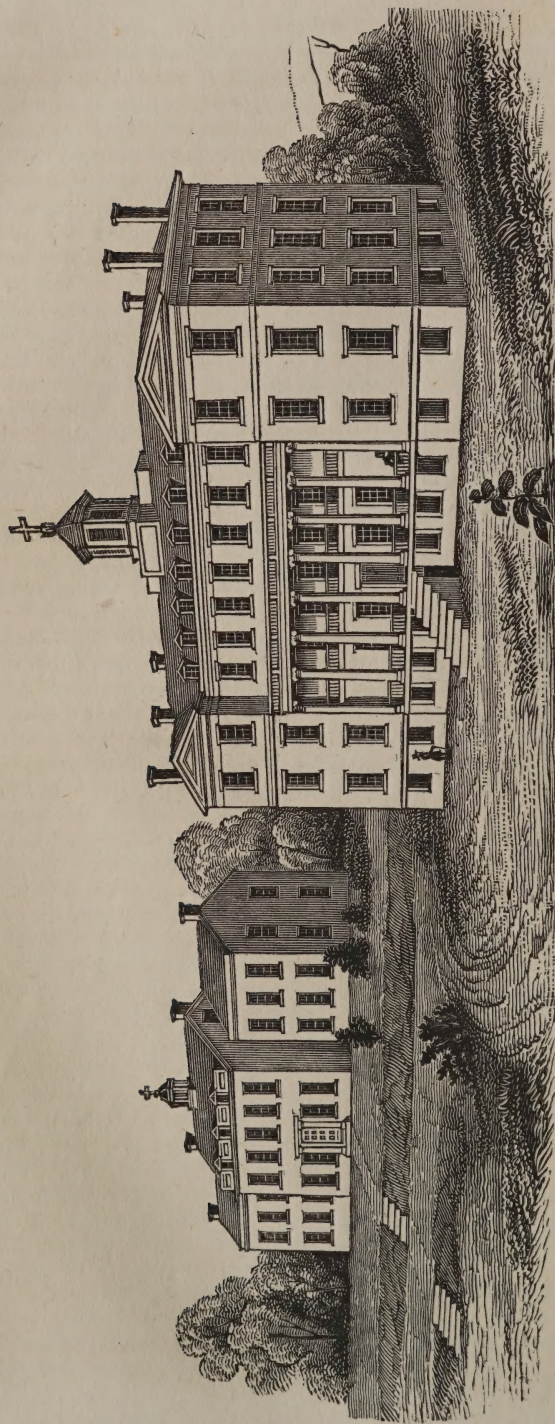
blessed sacrament is deposited, the altar so decorated being called in Spanish "*El monumento*." The veiled crucifix is laid on a cushion on the pavement, in the centre of the church, with a lighted taper on either side, and the people come in crowds, and in a most respectful manner kiss the foot of the cross. This takes place throughout the whole of Thursday; and on Friday the ornaments and lights are removed from the church, and the Mass, without consecration, is celebrated as in Ireland. On Friday evening, however, a very interesting, and to us, peculiar ceremony takes place, I witnessed it yesterday with a great deal of interest. Between four and five o'clock, a long procession, composed as follows, issued from the church of Santo Torras, and paraded through the principal streets of the capital, being headed by a party of Lancers that had been stationed outside:—First appeared an olive tree, at the foot of which was the kneeling figure of Christ in the agony, that, as well as all the other figures in the procession, being as large, or perhaps larger than life. Then was borne by, a group representing the scourging of the Saviour at the foot of the pillar; next a group of the presentation of Christ to the people by Pilate; then a single figure, representing our Saviour as "the man of sorrow," crowned with thorns, and clothed with royal robes; after this was carried a large cross, with the figure of our Lord hanging on it dead; then a large sarcophagus glass, within which was laid the representation of the dead figure of Christ, covered with fine grave-linen; and the last figure of the sacred exhibition was that of the Blessed Virgin, following, as it were, in an agony of sorrow, the blood-stained traces of her Divine Son. The two last figures were borne by priests, all the others having been carried by the members of

religious confraternities, with lighted tapers, and before each figure or group were borne a black flag, and a banner bearing a representation of the stage of our Lord's passion with which it was connected. After the figures came a long train of priests in surplices; then a long double file of military officers of various grades; next mace-bearers, preceding the prefect and municipal authorities; then a military band playing solemn music; and finally, the procession was closed with a column of the Grenadiers of the National Guards. The conduct of the people who were assembled in vast multitudes, was decorous and becoming in the extreme; and the effect of the whole was, in my opinion, most edifying.

**PORTUGAL.**—In pursuance of the instructions of which I announced to you the receipt from Rome by Monsignor Capacini, the Internuncio has officially communicated to the Government, and the Government to the Chamber, the confirmation by His Holiness of the Royal nomination of the Patriarch Elect of Lisbon, Archbishop of Braga, and Bishop of Leiria. The first of these prelates will henceforth enjoy the full style of Patriarch, and will most probably be made a Cardinal. The three nominations in question constitute the first section of these episcopal appointments which entered into discussion; and there will be little difficulty in arranging the remaining terms of the concordat. The reconciliation between the two churches may now be considered complete. The decision in question was arrived at in secret consistory at Rome on the 3d instant. The processes of the remaining prelates had not then arrived. His Holiness at the same time proposed and carried the concession of the pallium to the Patriarch of Lisbon, and the Archbishop of Braga.







Catholic College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Massachusetts.



ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



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ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY  
BRIGHTON, MASS.

